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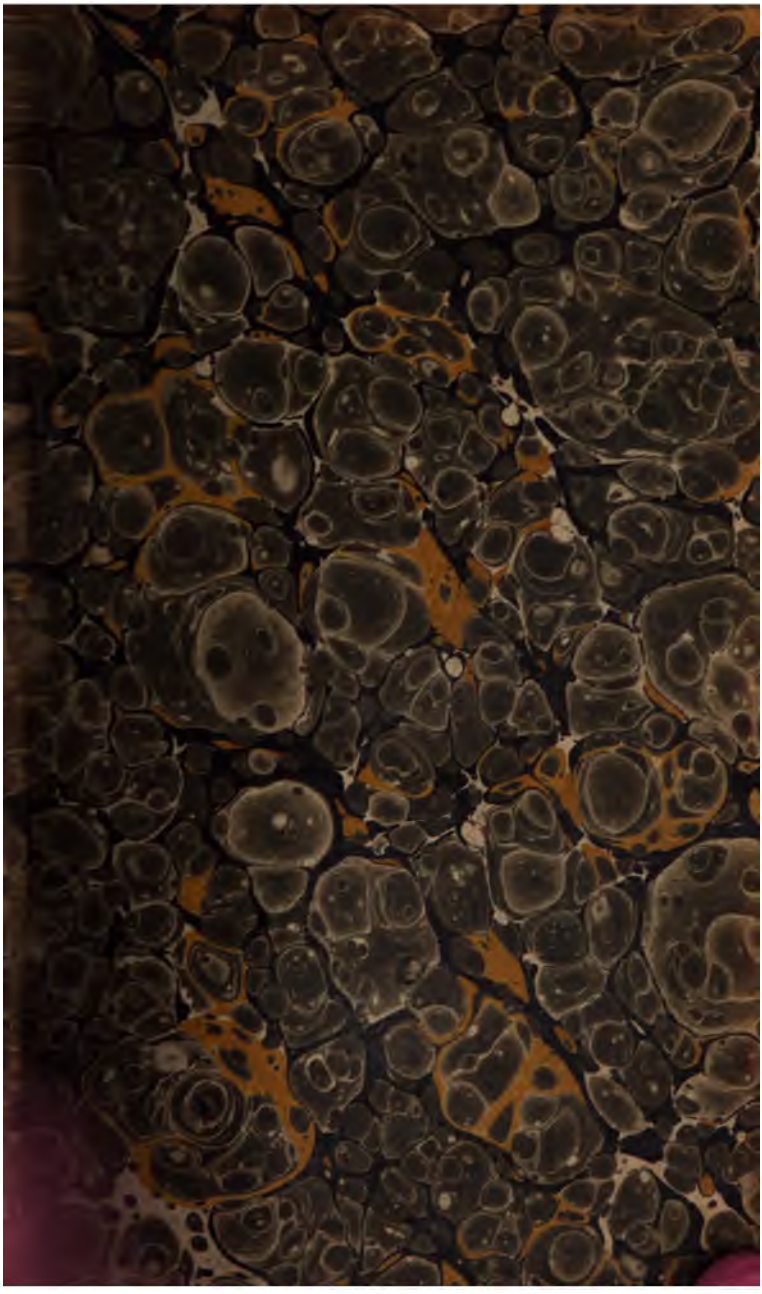

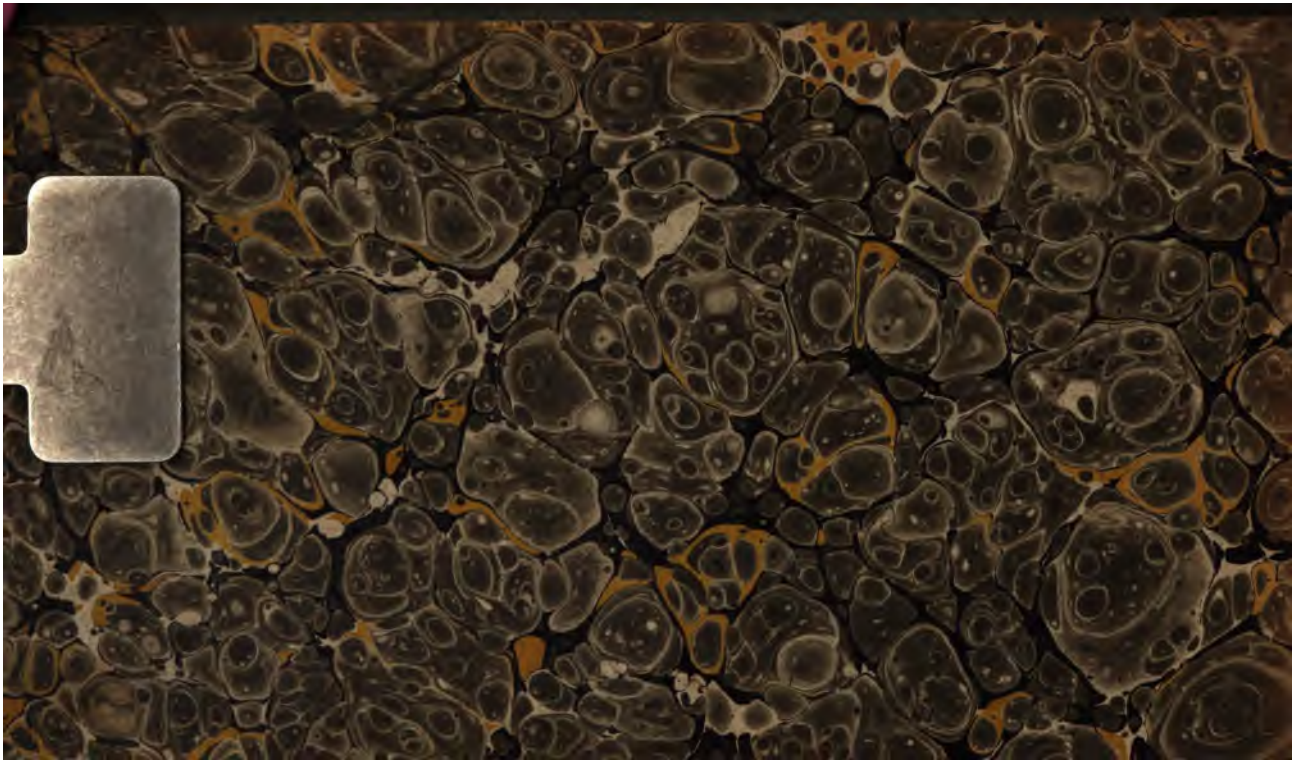

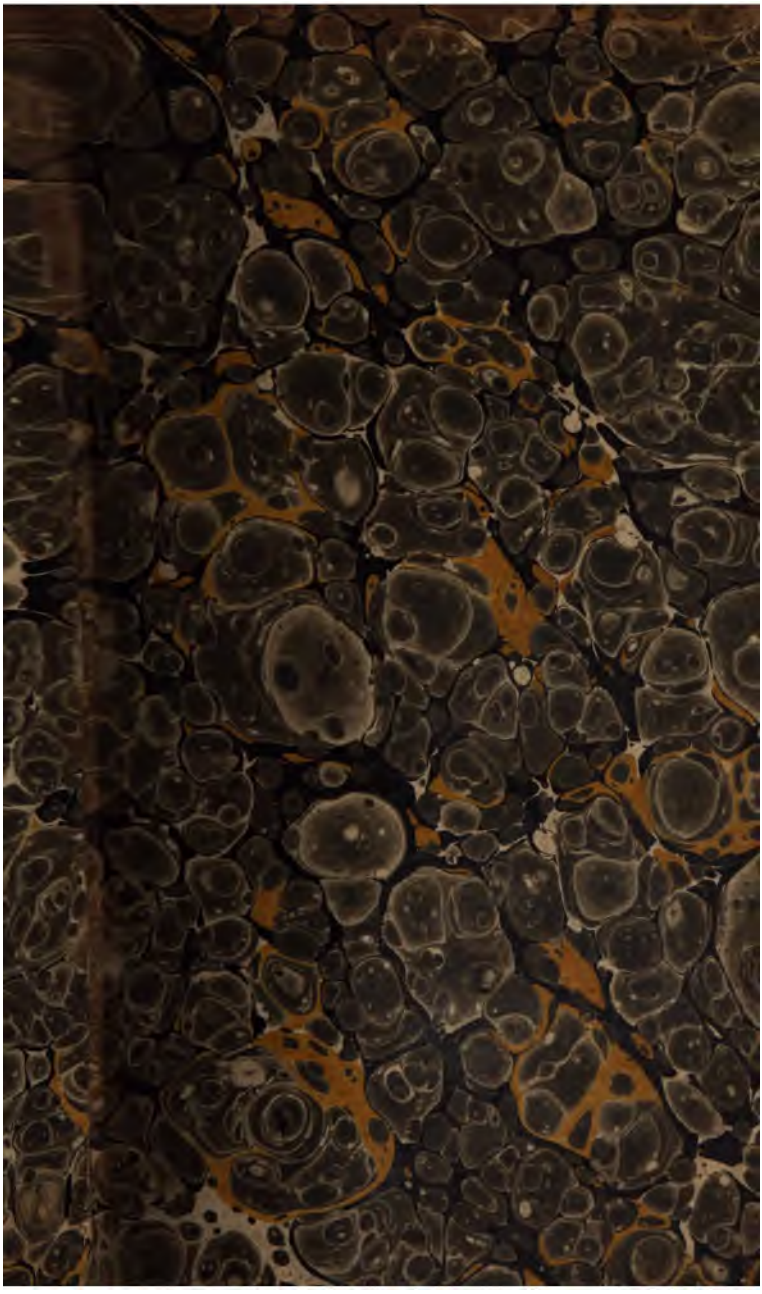

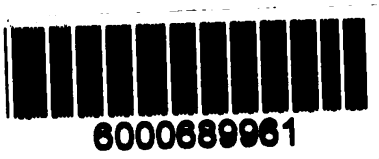
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OR,

A MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

VOL. II.

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A NOVEL.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES;
SANTO SEBASTIANO, OR, THE YOUNG PROTECTOR;
THE FOREST OF MONTALBANO; AND
ADELAIDE, OR, THE COUNTERCHARM.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1817.

249. s. 142.

ROSABELLA.

CHAPTER I.

But although the innate piety of Rosabella inspired her with resignation, and gave her fortitude to sustain the severe affliction, that had so unexpectedly assailed her, it had not subdued her susceptibilities; for most acutely she felt the misery she endured; and therefore it was well, perhaps, for the preservation of her firmness, that a recollection of the claims Captain and Mrs. Gore had upon her could force its way into her anguished thoughts, to lead her, as the day advanced towards their dinner-hour, to resolute exertions for obtaining a sufficient degree of superficial composure, to enable her to resume her place at their table,

without distressing their sympathetic feelings; which to Mrs. Gore, she believed, would prove annoying; and Captain Gore, she doubted not, was full of that sincere commiseration for his friend, which it would be unkind in her to add to, by awakening pity for herself.

Rosabella was correct in her belief of the sympathy of Captain Gore being powerfully awakened for his friend; but it was by no means inconsiderable for her, and it was not his fault, that she had been left so long to the uninterrupted indulgence of her sorrows. Mrs. Gore, in defiance of all the persuasive eloquence of his pitying kindness, would linger on with him, in the forlorn hope of luring from him the mysterious secret, which had led Egremont to fly from Rosabella; and when at length she found no gratification for her painful curiosity could be thus obtained, she said to Gore, "she should go seek consolation in her painting-room for the disappointment he so ill-naturedly inflicted, by giving some essential touches to the resemblance of his friend, ere she should forget that such a

mysterious man as Egremont existed:" thus betraying a disposition so unfeeling, or feeling only for herself, as conveyed an icy chill to the ardent affection of her husband; and taught him to deplore his own infatuation, in having selected a wife so ungenial to himself,—so unsuited for domestic happiness.

At length, the dinner-bell summoned poor Rosabella to join the now sadly diminished party; when the affecting tone of resignation, which diffused its touching influence over her aspect, and to her dulcet voice and gentle manners, so nearly subdued her pitying host, that only through an effort could he restrain the impulse of expressing the admiration and sympathy she excited; but as he clearly saw her firmness only rested on the surface, he forbore, through apprehension of oversetting all that her submissive duty had led her to achieve.

The considerate Gore, justly conceiving that to his sorrowing guest the observations of the domestics this day at dinner would prove peculiarly unpleasant, therefore sub-

stituted dumb waiters in their stead. But very soon he had the mortification of finding his kind consideration and efforts for Rosabella's comfort of little avail, as his thoughtless wife, unmindful of the feelings of our poor heroine, talked incessantly of the mystery attending the unexpected departure of their friends; and so frequently, at length, did she revert to the distressing theme, that her painfully-annoyed husband proposed their rising early from table, to take an airing upon the sands, as the evening was particularly fine.

"I hate airings," Mrs. Gore exclaimed; "it is such a waste of time."

"Waste of time to benefit one's health!" cried Gore, amazed.

"I never want to benefit my health; since I never had a day's illness in my life, but such as were incident to my infancy;" said Mrs. Gore.

"It would have been better for you, if you had," replied her husband, gravely: "you might then have learned to pity others; have learned, perhaps, to sympathize with your own, your only child."

"Bless me, what a grum animal you grow!" cried Mrs. Gore, gaily. "Why, next, I suppose, if I say 'I never experienced sorrow in my life,'—which, indeed, except for your absence, I never did,—you will say 'it would have been better for me, if I had.'"

"Assuredly," said Captain Gore; "as it is possible for too much health to cause disease, so too much happiness may engender evils too; and those who never drooped in sickness, or mourned in sorrow, ought to be particularly careful, lest their hearts should lose their sympathetic virtues, and become unfeeling to the afflictions and inflictions of others."

"Why, what a fine sermon you have given us, without the accommodation of a pulpit!" exclaimed Mrs. Gore, laughing. "But you shall not preach me into wasting my precious time in airings, unless, indeed, it was upon classic ground; however, you can take Miss Frederick and Nelson out on a Good Samaritan project, since one is in affliction, the other sick."

At length the carriage was announced,

and Captain Gore proceeded to hand the sorrowing Rosabella to it; and with her and his child set out upon their expedition, his heart writhing in tortures at that day's unfolding of dispositions in his wife, so wholly ungenial to his own.

The innocent prattle of the engaging Nelson not only interested his adoring father during their excursion, but frequently beguiled the sorrows of Rosabella from the afflicting subject, that occupied her thoughts. But although this tender plant, nipped by maternal neglect, now the terror and anxiety of his father's heart, lured to himself much of his attention, he did not prevent Captain Gore's reverting to his wretched friend, whose last supplication was, he informed her, "to implore his paternal care of her, and to try his eloquence in persuading her not to accept the invitation of Mrs. Sternham; nor by any communications to the Derville family, relative to their at present inauspicious attachment, yield power to Mr. Sternham's machinations for dividing them, should that menace to their happiness, which now

caused their separation, turn out a phantom."

"I have never yet had any concealments from Lady Derville, or my beloved Meliora," the blushing, heart-wrung Rosa lowly and tremulously replied; "and it would prove a very painful task, to commence a hateful system of reserve with them now, was it upon any subject that could yield them pleasure; but to hear of my sorrow would be afflicting to them, and that conviction reconciles me to the wished-for silence relative to your friend."

As Captain Gore was anxious for his child's return home ere the sun went down, their excursion was not a very extended one; yet poor Rosa believed herself benefited by it: but all her exertions for sufficient composure, to sustain her through her part in conversation during the evening, were nearly overthrown at times by the inconsiderate anxiety of the unfeeling Mrs. Gore to proceed with her picture; an anxiety, which led her repeatedly to apply to Rosa upon the important matter of Egremont's resemblance; nor could all

the exertions of the sympathizing Gore avail, to prevent the renewal of her thoughtless, torturing inflictions.

And when at length poor Rosabella retired to her chamber for the night, she was not doomed there either to find a respite from the theme that wrung her heart; for Betty Roach was overwhelmed with grief at the departure of Mr. Egremont, and teeming with eager curiosity to learn if possible the cause. Rosabella took this opportunity, after simply stating, that family disapprobation to their union had caused the departure of Mr. Egremont —to use all the magic influence she possessed over the affections of Betty, to win from her a solemn promise of silence to the family at Ravenswood, relative to her having even met Mr. Egremont at Myrtle's Town, lest it might empower Mr. Sternham to break off every future prospect of so fortunate a union for her, should fate at some distant period feel disposed to smile propitiously.

The pillow of Rosabella proved not the downy one of sweet repose; she had too

many causes of grief and regret, too much of the subduing tortures of suspense to wound her susceptibilities, to find even one short oblivious slumber; but yet her hours of meditation were not all devoted to mourning over her distress:—no, the greater number of them were spent in pious commune with Him, who only, she believed, could inspire her with firmness to sustain all His wisdom allotted for her endurance; and in the morning she arose, although not more happy, yet with the barbed arrows of her griefs blunted by the power of pious resignation.

Captain Gore, by his wife's total neglect of every thing appertaining to her department, had a new feminine part allotted to him, or else to see consolatory attentions to an afflicted inmate disregarded. Mrs. Gore said, "she was exceedingly concerned for the mysterious cause and distressing effect of Miss Frederick's disappointment;" but she sacrificed no one moment from her own pursuits, to aim at beguiling her thoughts from her varied themes for sorrow: so that, if the amiable

Gore had not, through the inspiration of his pitying humanity, drawn her out to walk with him and his child, she might have brooded all the morning over her sorrows without any sort of interruption, until the arrival of Mr. Sternham, which was announced to her about two o'clock.

Through respect to Lady Derville, Rosa was visible to him whom she believed her malignant foe; but under this conviction, her manner in her reception could not speak much cordiality; whilst his to her in the commencement of their interview was such, as exceedingly to astonish her, and to awaken something approaching alarm, at inconsistency that almost sanctioned the belief of malady; for deeply enamoured as this designing man was, he could not meet her, after so extended an absence, without a violence of joy which burst concealment; while the striking alteration in her aspect, through all she had sustained since last they had met, awakened so much alarm, that he could not restrain exclamations of such ardent interest, that Rosa's dismaying belief increased to

so painful a degree, that had he not rallied his self-possession to give him more command over his feelings, she would have flown in terror from him.

At length when he succeeded in composing his extremes of joy and apprehension to conduct more suited to his wily projects, he inquired, "was she ready to accompany him that day to Pippin Grove: or must he wait until the morrow, to accommodate her more perfect convenience?"

"Sir," Rosabella unhesitatingly replied, "I should have prevented your unnecessary trouble, in coming so much out of your road to conduct me to Pippin Grove, by writing to Lady Derville my determination of not accepting the invitation of Mrs. Sternham; only her ladyship informed me, 'that ere my answer could arrive in Dublin, you would be at Myrtle's Town.'"

"Not accept my sister's invitation!—Not accept it!—Why, how, what means this perversity?"

"I could not think, Sir," replied Rosa-

bella composedly, "of intruding upon your worthy sister a guest, whom you have formed so decidedly bad an opinion of; nor could I, through gratitude for your kind attention to my instruction, suffer your fame to find tarnish from the stigma of having become a voluntary inmate in the same house, where a being so unamiable, as I am discovered to be, disgraced the society."

"Rosa! Miss Frederick! what means this unbecoming irony? I demand an explanation," exclaimed Mr. Sternham, turning pale in alarmed anticipation.

"An explanation must be wholly unnecessary to my accuser, Sir," said Rosabella. "Even to myself, you hesitated not to affirm my culpability, in seeking clandestine meetings with unworthy objects:—accused me of an interested, as artful display of attachment to Mr. Monson."

"Pshaw, child! that was the mere effervescence of friendly indignation, awakened by alarm and interest for your happiness."

"Did interest for my happiness, Sir, induce your awakening beliefs in the bosom of my benefactress of my unworthiness? of my aiming at the heart of one of her grandsons, to the subversion of all her anxious plans for their welfare? and by cruel misrepresentations chill that heart to me, which ever before warmed with benevolent affection, to the orphan she had long—long kindly cherished?"

Mr. Sternham, not prepared for Rosabella's being so well apprised of the part he had been acting, to dislodge her from the protection of Lady Derville, to ensnare her in his own; felt totally at a loss how to defend himself against charges so just; and as a substitute for a better auxiliary, anger came to his aid, and furiously he exclaimed:

"What, ungrateful girl! dare you accuse your benefactress of unkindness? Dare you undutifully disobey her mandate for accompanying me to that protection she thinks most fit for you?"

"No, Sir," returned Rosa firmly, "it was not my benefactress I accused of un-

kindness; but you I accused of *more* than unkindness: and as to my disobedience to the wishes of my benefactress for accompanying you to Pippin Grove, I certainly must plead guilty; for I will not voluntarily dwell under the same roof with any individual—however fair their pretensions to the world's esteem, who deviates from truth in defaming me."

"Then, *Miss*, I presume your plan is to follow your benefactress to Dublin, and intrude upon her party to England?"

"No, Sir, I remain here."

"So, so, so!" vociferated Mr. Sternham, in a paroxysm of infuriated jealousy; "so, *Miss*, the murder is revealed; staying here, no doubt, to carry on clandestine assignations with some favoured lover."

"Really, Sir," said Rosa, "it becomes more difficult every moment to comprehend you: but as you are not consistent in your accusations, I shall begin to consider them less mischievous. If I have a favoured lover here, my benefactress's apprehensions relative to Mr. Monson must soon terminate."

"Mighty fine! vastly well, Miss Frederick! All this irreverence towards me has been imbibed from your criterion of sanctity, the Bishop of ——; for you returned from his palace, through his precepts, an altered being towards me."

"Sir," replied Rosabella, with mild impressive dignity, "no precept was ever yet conveyed by the Bishop of —— to any individual, but those that were the inspirations of a Christian pastor: and to prove Sir, that any I may have imbibed from him are truly orthodox, I hold out my hand in forgiveness of all your misrepresentations of me; although I owe too much to the dignity of injured innocence, to make your sister's house my residence during the absence of Lady Derville from Ravenswood. As this is not my house, Sir, I cannot offer you refreshments here; and having offended Captain Gore relative to —to his most valued friend, he commissioned me to inform you, he cannot bid you welcome; and under these combined circumstances, you must allow the hand of

forgiveness and the hand of adieu to perform their part at the same moment."

Rosa now presenting her hand, and making her retreating courtesy to the astonished Mr. Sternham, without awaiting his reply, rang the bell, and left the room. The discomfited lover instantly quitted the house; now convinced he had acted unwisely in darting his arrows at the integrity of her he wished to win, and that he must form new plots for the counteraction of the mischiefs he had done to his own cause, and must therefore retrace his way to the metropolis, and whilst journeying so many miles, call upon his inventive faculties for some machination, to obliterate from the mind of his too lovely enslaver the causes she had for resentment against him; and to clear the way for his future success.

Immediately after the departure of Mr. Sternham from Myrtle Lodge, Rosabella commenced a letter to Lady Derville, expressive of all she felt, at perceiving the misrepresentations of Mr. Sternham had

taken effect upon the mind of her hitherto kind and affectionate benefactress; asserting her own innocence; announcing, although in the most becoming terms, her rejection of Mrs. Sternham's invitation, and requesting her ladyship's advice upon the spot of her residence, during the absence of her friends from Ravenswood.

Although it had been the earnest request of Egremont, that Rosabella should not return to the protection of Lady Derville without every requisite explanation, and apology for such unkind change of conduct being given; and the indignant feelings of wounded affection and injured innocence strenuously urged a compliance with this request; yet her cooler judgment led her, independently of the pleadings of her grateful heart, to consider a restoration to her benefactress's favour and protection the only event, which could wholly purify her conduct from the aspersions Mr. Sternham had so unjustifiably thrown upon her gratitude, her ingenuousness, and her prudence; which impeachments she doubted not had

met more ears than those of the Ravenswood inmates. Therefore, although her letter most forcibly betrayed the pangs of innocence aspersed, yet it was such as not to increase the chill her ladyship's heart had so evidently experienced towards her; and in this deliberation of her prudence she felt conviction too, that Egremont would, on future reflection, think as she did,—as it could not fail of affixing censure upon her fair fame that never might be removed, if she were suddenly dismissed from the protection of Lady Derville, after possessing it for so many years.

The dinner of this day passed like that of the preceding one, in distress to Rosabella and Captain Gore, from the unfeeling inadvertence of the beautiful Honour. An airing again was proposed by Gore for the benefit of his sorrowing guest, and his adored and drooping child; and again ridiculed and declined by the votary of science: and whilst out on the excursion he informed Rosa, "that on the subsequent morning he purposed going to St. Leonard's rectory, to bid adieu to the

travellers ere they set out upon their anxious tour ; and requested, had she any message to convey, to allow him to be its bearer."

"My good wishes for their health and safety, assure them of," she faltered out.

"May I not tell them," Gore replied, "that your fortitude is in reality what it seems to be—the firm unfaltering structure of Christian piety?"

Rosabella burst into tears in defiance of every effort to restrain them ; and Gore, with eyes bathed in sympathy's distillations, turned the conversation to passing objects, and renewed his agonizing allusions no more.

CHAPTER II.

At early dawn the following day Captain Gore set off for the rectory of his uncle; and Rosabella, after a comfortless breakfast with the unfeeling Mrs. Gore, and spending an hour of writhing misery with her in her painting room; through gratitude to her absent kind and amiable host, sallied forth with his interesting child to saunter on the sands, as the day was mild.

Although Rosabella had never been an inmate with any child, since she ceased to be one herself, yet from natural inclination and tenderness of heart, she knew almost intuitively how to become the endearing associate, that could devise amusement for the delicate plant she had voluntarily undertaken the care of, whilst his health was benefitting by their ramble; and in all the smiles of happy rapture at feminine attentive goodness so new to him, the little Nelson had passed about

a quarter of an hour on the strand, when a gentleman slowly descended from the village leaning upon the arm of a domestic, and as slowly passed Rosa and her sportive companion.

The support of a servant's arm being necessary, proclaimed to Rosabella that some bodily malady rendered this approaching gentleman an object of commiseration; she therefore turned a pitying glance upon him; and although transient was that glance, she found her interest forcibly awakened for this invalide, who appeared to be not more than two or three and twenty; and yet too apparent ill health had given to his strikingly fine form the feebleness of age, and stamped an uncommonly handsome countenance with the attenuation and cadaverous aspect of serious disease.

Falteringly this invalide paced his way along the sands; and although it was evidently an exertion for him to walk, even supported as he was, he took several turns along the strand, where Rosabella had circumscribed the rambles of her little charge,

from being the most sheltered spot; while to observe them seemed his only purpose for continuing an exercise, that was certainly beyond his strength.

Rosabella, who did not attend to his observation of them, concluded his limit of promenade was caused by the same motive as her own; and therefore her timid bashfulness led her not to retreat, as it otherwise would have done. At length she perceived, that after a few words earnestly addressed to him by his attendant, this invalide seated himself on a rock, and immediately his servant, with lingering footfalls moved from him towards the village; and on his way was struck by a shell, which Nelson had flung from him in sportive wildness, for the pleasure of seeking and finding. The man stooped to pick it up; and as he did so and returned it to the child, he hastily, yet anxiously said to Rosa:

"For the sake of pity, Miss, if you continue your walk here a little longer, have an eye to my dear master for me, lest he should faint, (which his honour is

subject to ever since he was shot through the body,) whilst I am gone to fetch the carriage for him: and as I owe my life to his goodness, and it would be my death was I to lose him after all my nursing of him, I am sure, Miss, you look as if you would forgive the liberty I have taken with you."

The compassionate Rosabella promised compliance with this attached and grateful domestic's request; and accordingly she concentrated her promenade to that part of the beach, which commanded an unimpeded view of the rock, upon which the interesting invalide rested. In one of their now frequently recurring turns, their path lying near the stranger, the same shell, flung by the hand of Nelson, hit the sick man on the arm; who instantly beckoned the child's approach to restore his testaceous ball, who smiling and blushing obeyed, as he half-bashfully exclaimed:

"I did not hit you on purpose, Sir. I hope I did not hurt you."

"No, my lovely boy!" returned the

gentleman languidly, yet kindly: "Your shells are such as cause not much mischief; but pray my fine little fellow, may I request the pleasure of knowing your name?"

"Nelson, Sir."

"A brave name! and one that predicts more peril from your ordnance, at some future day. And pray, is that lady your sister, Nelson?"

"No."

"Your cousin?"

"No—o—my *own* wife."

"Why, what a happy being you are! And where do you and your beautiful wife live?"

"Up that wood, in a white house; where you may come and dine with me,—or with my papa, which you like: but I dine with nurse, and papa dines with the big people,—mama, and my wife, and all. So pray come now, for I am very hungry and want my dinner; but I would not tell Miss Frederick that, because she said, 'she hoped I was not hungry yet, as she must stop to watch you.'"

"To watch me!" exclaimed the stranger, a faint flush of surprise mantling his pallid cheeks. "My dear little boy, what mean you?"

"Your servant bid her watch you for him; and that made us draw so near you."

The stranger arose as rapidly as the languor of his frame would permit; when Rosabella, perceiving his strength was inadequate to the endeavour he was making to approach her, humanely anticipated his attempt, although with a bright blush of reluctant bashfulness she did so.

The pitiable weakness, that pervaded the frame of this interesting invalide, seemed not to have extended its influence over the energies of his mind, since with striking animation he expressed his gratitude to Rosabella, and apologized for the liberty his servant had presumed to take, with the courteous grace of highly polished manners.

"The genuine attachment which the request of your servant evinced," said Rosa, "must have pleaded his excuse,

could we consider that request a liberty, which humanity could not be exonerated from complying with."

"A severe wound, and consequent ill health," replied the stranger, "have rendered me an object of peculiar interest to my faithfully attached Wilson; who now neither considers the difference of station between those whom he addresses and himself, nor any thing in the decorum of respect, where I am in question; and sometimes he almost leads me to believe, that he thinks the occupation of the world ought to be, to provide for his master's comforts."

"Invaluable indeed must such a domestic prove to an invalide," said Rosa; "and how much does such an attachment proclaim of the kindness that awakened it! But now, Sir, not to prove myself unworthy of the trust your faithful Wilson reposed in me, permit me to entreat you to return to your seat, since rest was, and is, I believe essential for you."

The stranger still gazing on her with the pleased glances of fast increasing in-

terest, instantly complied; and as he walked towards the rock he had arisen from, Rosabella, in the performance of her task of humanity, walked on with him.

"I landed at —— last night," said the stranger, as he slowly paced the short way to his resting-place, "and finding myself much exhausted through fatigue, I was compelled to stop in this village for a little rest, to enable me to proceed on my journey; when these sands looking so inviting, I thought a gentle walk upon them might do me good: but my poor anxious Wilson, soon perceiving I was unequal to the exertion, determined to spare me the fatigue of the little ascent to the inn, and is gone for a carriage to convey me thither; and, for the sake of your *protégée*, who is anxious for his dinner, I must hope he may prove expeditious, although, upon my own account, I would rather hope the reverse; since even more feelings than gratitude will lead me to find the moment of separation from the lovely priestess of Humanity a painful one."

The stranger's carriage now appeared in

view, and with rapidity was drawing towards them, when Rosabella, taking the hand of Nelson, wished the interesting invalide a pleasant journey, and a speedy restoration to health.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with fervour, as he gracefully bowed his adieu, "I prophesied most truly this moment would prove a painful one to me. However, to this lovely boy I am indebted for the knowledge of whom I owe so much for pitying kindness to; and as I am come to spend some time in this county, I trust I shall have an opportunity of again repeating my grateful thanks to Miss Frederick; who, when hearing that Captain Arundel makes frequent mention of her benevolence, may identify him in the individual who now bids her farewell, and whom her pitying goodness has laid under never to be forgotten obligations."

Rosabella now, with Nelson, proceeded homewards, feeling sensations almost of regret at parting from this interesting Captain Arundel, who had, it was evident, lost his health in the service of his country.

Until summoned to dinner, Rosabella saw nothing of her beautiful hostess; and when at length in her society, sorrow could imbibe no assuasive from her sympathy: most naturally, therefore, our poor heroine experienced anxiety for the return of Captain Gore, who, she doubted not, would come freighted with advice to her from Mr. Trench, and with intelligence of, at least, if not with any particular message, from Egremont. But he returned that very night, without one of those cordials she had hoped for, since his excursion had proved fruitless; the travellers having set out, in two hours after their arrival at St. Leonard's, on their anxious way to Spain.

The pensive and mentally-wounded Rosabella, on the subsequent morning, took courage to impart to the kind and sympathizing Captain Gore her having written to Lady Derville; and that, should her ladyship's reply haplessly consign her to her own future guidance, she should then, with his and Mrs. Gore's leave, remove from Myrtle's Town (where many remembrances were painful to her) to the protec-

tion offered to her by Mr. Trench, until intelligence should arrive from Spain, whether the clew of Mr. Egremont had discovered the protection of a mother for her.

"When should it not," she added, with a sigh, "I must then consult with you, dear sir, if you will permit me, upon the important subject of how I can earn my future subsistence; since to earn it I am determined, for never will I again depend upon any mortal; for if Lady Derville fails me, whom dare I trust to under Heaven?"

"My dear Miss Frederick," said Captain Gore, feelingly, "you forget there can never be occasion for so painful a discussion as that between us; for should the clew, which my poor friend fears he has fatally obtained to your connexions, prove an erring one, then, happily, the interdict to your union with him is at once removed; and you will, in his protection, find all that earth can yield for the promotion of your happiness."

As no incident occurred at Myrtle's Town, worth recording, for several days,

we will not weary our readers with recapitulating the inattention of Mrs. Gore to the mental malady of her young guest, or the kind efforts made by her feeling husband to beguile the silent sufferer from the uninterrupted contemplation of her sorrows. But at length a packet arrived by post from Dublin to Rosabella, who, in her present melancholy state of mind, felt not her natural disposition for the anticipation of happy events: therefore, with a trembling hand she broke the seal, almost dreading to read what she might find enveloped there; not divining that Mr. Sternham had been compelled, from the deceptious course he had unwittingly embarked upon, to promote his schemes relative to her, to enter deeper into the mazy path of fiction; although, now, with the more laudable design of clearing that integrity he had laboured to blight. The result of his cogitations on his solitary way back to Dublin was the plan of throwing himself out of his chaise in an apparent state of extreme mental disquietude, the moment he arrived at Lady Derville's door in the

metropolis; to rush up into her ladyship's presence, as if impelled by the most powerful feelings, and instantly to burst forth into an exculpation of the innocence of Rosabella, and a philippic against his own credulity, in having suffered himself to be deceived by the artful fabrications conveyed to him in anonymous letters (which he must pretend he had destroyed), breathing insinuations against the artlessness, the gratitude, and prudence of Miss Frederick.

"But," continued this designing hypocrite, after he had inimitably performed all this, "the hand of Providence itself intervened, to vindicate its own favourite from the cruel shafts of defamation. I cannot dwell upon my interview with our dear aspersed Rosa, my worthy lady, until I have done the Christian's duty of vindicating an unjustly impeached immaculate sufferer."

And now he proceeded with a circumstantial history of how he had been trepanned into a belief of Rosabella's culpability; and then, how almost miraculously

he had been led to the conviction of her having been basely aspersed, to facilitate the infamous designs of that vile ruined miscreant he had discovered plotting to obtain the hand of Lady Meliora: but as all this was the fabrication of his own fertilely-inventive faculty, we shall not follow him through his inconsistent narrative: suffice it to say, it answered the purpose he designed it for;—Lady Derville firmly believed it all.

The rapture of Lady Derville, upon finding her beloved Rosabella so unexpectedly cleared from all the direful accusations brought by Mr. Sternham against her ingenuousness, led her not to pause one moment upon the improbability and inconsistency of this vindication, delivered with every advantage of excellent acting; and so absorbed was she in her joy, and anxiety to apologize to her beloved *protégée* for her late unkindness, that she put no embarrassing questions to the sanctified hypocrite; and lest, upon after reflection, she might do so, he strove, by his animadver-

sions upon his story, to have its improbability lost in the striking feature of its mystery.

Lady Derville, as she took up her pen to address her poor defamed Rosa, gave utterance to her firm belief "of the plots of the miscreant profligate being levelled at Rosa herself, to entrap her into his libertine power, the moment the poor innocent should be deprived of her protection."

"I therefore," continued her ladyship, "shall know not one peaceful moment, until I have my dear, ill-used child safe once more under my own maternal wing."

"You do not mean," exclaimed Mr. Sternham, in alarm, "you do not mean to take her on your English excursion, Lady Derville? Indeed, such a measure would be exceedingly dangerous, if it is, as you apprehend, this libertine being in pursuit of her; or should he prove, what has just struck me as being still more probable, some villanous agent of her atrocious stepfather, for some further execrable purpose

of his fiend-like jealousy, London is, of all places, the one best suited for the success of such nefarious projects."

"Then what would you have me do, sir?" demanded her ladyship, impatiently.

"Why, beyond a doubt, send her, under my protection, to Pippin Grove."

At this moment Lady Meliora entered, as bearer of a letter to her grandmother from Rosabella, that moment delivered by the postman. Eagerly Lady Derville broke the seal, and as she read the affecting contents, she burst into tears as she exclaimed—

"Dear, dear, injured Rosa!"

The impatient Meliora scarcely allowed her grandmother to arrive at the termination of her letter, ere she implored an explanation of her ladyship's apostrophe and tears; when Lady Derville briefly recapitulated Mr. Sternham's detail of Rosa's vindication; and as it spoke her friend's acquittal, every iota of its improbabilities was received with implicit conviction by the ardent, volatile, and affectionate Meliora, who laughed, wept, and capered

in frantic joy. On learning the point upon which her grandmother and chaplain had been debating, when she disturbed their *tête à tête*, she turned all Mr. Sternham's arguments for the expediency of Rosabella's interment at Pippin Grove into such potent ridicule, that, in defiance even of his ready auxiliary wrath, he found himself compelled to yield the contest; and he retired, discomfited, to fabricate some new falsehoods, to excuse his own change of plan; since now he must inevitably accompany the party to England, after having given such plausible reasons for his determination against it, or else he should lose every chance of obtaining the hand of the lovely Rosabella.

Lady Derville now no longer delayed the composition of her letter to her beloved *protégée*, which spoke every thing that affection could dictate; detailing, in apology for late unkindness, those misrepresentations now so happily removed; and concluded by conjuring Rosa to come to her arms without one moment of unnecessary delay, under the protection of Mrs.

O'Dowd, who would write to inform her of the day she meditated setting out for Dublin.

The moment Lady Derville commenced her letter, Lady Meliora flew to her pen, and, with all the expedition her joy inspired, composed the following epistle:

"My dear, dear, dear, darling Rosa,

"Grandmama is herself telling you all the vile croakings of the most ill-omened of the hateful ravens of our wood, that have made us all so miserable; so that I need not touch upon past discords, that, whilst they grated painfully on my feelings, could not force their odious din into my belief: yet, though firm in my conviction that you were defamed, I was compelled to obey grandmama's *absolute command*, for my not writing to you: but that obedience was not very amiably performed, I believe, for I was thrown into a most froward humour by it; and, I am now ashamed to say, only found consolation and pleasure in contradiction, and thwarting all her wishes for my introduction to the world;

spurning every invitation she wished me to accept, and even refusing to attend the drawing-room, after having tried on my court-dress, and feeling assured I looked all-subduing in it.

"But now, dear beloved Rosa, the clouds are dispersing from my temper by your expected return, with all the sunshine of my happiness and comfort, to me, provided you will condescend to trust yourself once more with such unnatural miscreants as we have been to you. So now, within the last half-hour, I have begun to feel the air of Dublin supportable; and doubt not I shall find the late acidity of my disposition will have become sufficiently contemperated by to-morrow, to allow of my enduring the idea of appearing at the drawing-room for presentation, without the sterling stamp of your exquisite taste as a passport to universal admiration.

"Oh! Rosa, how I long to see you, to tell you how very miserable I am, relative to the continued silence of a certain personage. Surely, if he did not consider himself sufficiently secure of acceptance,

to make his offer yet to grandmama for me, he might, in all this time, have contrived to address even a line to Charles, upon some pretence, merely for an excuse to discover how I did. But Charles, who I always thought had some intellect until now, presumes to say, 'I have no cause whatever to expect any thing from his lordship, but the distant civility of a mere common acquaintance, since he gave me no cause to believe him my captive:' but I have better information. What brought him, invalide as he was, to the Jubilee ball, only to behold me? and, the morning after, with Charles to Ravenswood, but for the same purpose?—besides, had I not eyes to discover his admiration?

"I very much fear, my beloved friend, all this odious fretting about Lord Montalbert and you has greatly diminished my attractions; for no crowd, but of beggars, collect at our door when the coach arrives to take us out, as I fully expected would be the case, to struggle for a glimpse of me: and although I see the men and women, in the shops I enter, steal looks of

unequivocal admiration at me, yet they are not lost in wonder, nor their senses suspended by the dazzling effect of my charms, as I was confident must have been the case; for no, they retain their power of serving me with the most provoking composure.

"The effect of my attractions I have scarcely yet tried on the higher orders, for, in the pouts about you, I have appeared no where without a thick crape veil; and all this care to conceal my face from those, who would be likely to report it in our circle, has been for the judicious purpose of striking more powerfully, when the cloud should be removed at my presentation, by such a blaze of beauty being unexpected; and all this policy, not so much for my own gratification, as for Lord Montalbert to learn, when he shall see my presentation announced in the papers, what a powerful sensation my beauty caused.

"My dear, dear, dear Rosa, come the moment my *honey* will bring you to me; for I long to tell you how miserable I have been made through your absence, and how

inexpressibly dear you are to the heart of your own

"MELIORA MONSON.

"Neither of my brothers ever would give credence to one tittle to your disadvantage; but they were not told one of your misdeeds was manœuvring to entoil their affections, as I suppose grandam feared to put such a possibility into their heads."

CHAPTER III.

The letters of Ladies Derville and Meliora gave to the pure heart of Rosabella all the innate satisfaction, that innocence must feel on justification, and affection could experience on having its claims restored; and on the following morning after the receipt of these cordial consolations, our heroine, with an animated preface, expressive of her sensibility for their kindness and hospitality to her, announced to Captain and Mrs. Gore, that she had received her mandate to return to the protection of Lady Derville, whose letter she gave for their perusal, since in it were contained no secrets to interdict it; while her grateful heart led her to that confidence, to do justice to the affectionate kindness with which she was recalled, and for the further purpose of conveying conviction to Mr.

Trench and Egremont, of her not having failed in attention to their request.

Although Captain Gore had now learned almost to worship Rosabella as a being of celestial mould, he experienced a sensation nearly approaching to satisfaction, in the idea of her removal from the society of Mrs. Gore; so ungenial to sympathizing kindness, so comfortless in every way to one, whose uncomplaining, submissive resignation to the torturing disappointments, which had so lately assailed her, peculiarly demanded, he thought, the tender soothings of female friendship; and although he augured no increase of happiness from being left solely to his domestic *tête à tête*, the philanthropy of his nature led him not to wish for the detention of his interesting guest one moment unnecessarily, to break the *ennui* of the mournful solitude he should be doomed for hours each day to; folly having bereaved him of the companion he had married to obtain.

On the subsequent morning, an express arrived from Mrs. O'Dowd, to tell that she was to set out for Dublin the fol-

lowing day, and to appoint a place and hour for Rosa to meet her, to proceed together on their journey.

Although Mrs. Gore had been apprised of Rosabella's intended departure, the moment the mandate arrived to fix the period for its taking place, she burst into loud murmurs against it, as a measure replete with every inconvenience to herself; for now, "how was she to proceed with her picture, that she expected such well-earned fame for the execution of?" and it was with the utmost difficulty, that our poor heroine could escape from the torturing inflictions of the painting-room, to make the necessary arrangements for her departure; amongst which was a farewell call on Mrs. Kilbride.

The circumscribed finances of Rosabella forbade her generosity's keeping pace with her gratitude; however, all Mrs. Kilbride required of her was kindness in professions of regard, since Egremont had made an excellent provision for this well-meaning, but too readily duped woman; who, now buoyant on hope's expanded wings, through

her own happy reverse of fortune, failed not to augur all that was auspicious for the future days of "Miss Rosy dear."

Rosabella had but few farewell visits to make in Myrtle's Town, but to every one who had evinced kindness towards her she omitted not to say her gratitude's adieu; and this excursion into the village ended, the remainder of her day was passed, as all her time had been since the departure of Egremont, in suffering tortures from the inconsiderate Mrs. Gore's unfeelingly making him her constant theme; and, with sensations almost joyful, she retired to her pillow, in the cheering certainty of its being the last night she should pass at Myrtle Lodge, where the brightest visions of earthly happiness had been raised for her, only to delude.

Any thing approaching to the form of joy was so new a guest to the bosom of Rosabella, that it wholly banished sleep from her pillow; but the sensation of joy was not experienced for expected pleasures awaiting her in the gay metropolis of the sister kingdom, although her anxiety

for a change of scene bore no inconsiderable share in it; but it was the affections of her heart so recently tortured, that longed again for the reciprocity of tender sentiments from those she had regarded from her infancy; and the balms of maternal kindness from Lady Derville, and of sisterly love and friendship from Lady Meliora, she fondly believed, would heal the wounds that rankled in her bosom.

The morning call of Betty found the unclosed eyes of our heroine ready in obedience to her summons to arise; and the languor, which a sleepless night gave to her countenance, veiled the pleasure she experienced at quitting Myrtle Lodge from the detection of Captain and Mrs. Gore; the former of whom it would have grieved by the prompt conviction of its cause; while Rosa herself would have been shocked at its visibility, as it would wear, she feared, the appearance of ingratitude.

Independent of Captain Gore's own feelings of kindness and urbanity towards his interesting guest, respect to his uncle,

and attachment to his friend, induced him to pay the attention to her of accompanying her to the place appointed for her meeting with Mrs. O'Dowd, where for nearly two hours they had to await that lady's protracted arrival; an interval in which Captain Gore ventured to speak of his friend; and voluntarily promised to convey to her every account he should obtain from his uncle or Egremont, likely to yield consolation or relief to the anxiety of her bosom.

At length Mrs. O'Dowd made her appearance in her own travelling chaise, whose excuse for want of punctuality was, the non-arrival of parcels she had promised to convey to London for different friends, and her perplexity in disposing of them amongst her baggage; a difficulty of arrangement which Rosabella soon encountered for her slight form, when she took the place of Mrs. O'Dowd's abigail in the carriage, who, in her descent to join Betty Roach in the rumble tumble, unintentionally brought after her parcels and bundles innumerable; and by disturbing those

they had kindly propped, a total chaos ensued, or rather a complete overthrow of the travelling pile.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, after the difficulty had been achieved, of wedging the straying agreeables in, and excavating a niche in the general mass for poor Rosa,—"I declare, my honey, if ever I go from home again, I will steal off like a thief in the night."

"But why should you adopt such a guilt-like nocturnal march?" said Rosa.

"To preclude the possibility of people trespassing upon my good nature, my honey. It is impossible to refuse executing a commission for one's intimate friends and neighbours, or to lay out a few pounds advantageously for a girl; but although individually a negative would sound mighty ill natured; yet, in the aggregate of these commissions, the ill-nature seems recoiled upon myself; for the worry of travelling with them is really destructive to comfort: beside the responsibility upon my mind; for, if they fail to escape my clutches on the road

to Dublin, what will I do with them there? Must I tarry at home all day long as sentinel upon them, to prevent one half of them being stolen at the hotel? As to the other half, I know that will be lost or seized on the other side of the water."

"Why," demanded Rosa, with a look of dismay, "are we going to take *all* these things to London? Are there contraband goods amongst them? And why, dear Mrs. O'Dowd, do you imagine things are to be stolen in Dublin, and only lost in England?"

"Why, my honey, because the English are so scrupulously honest, that theft is a crime rarely ever heard of there; indeed never, unless committed by some straying miscreants from other countries. As to your other questions,—all that is left to go accompanies us to London, and more grief to us, my poor cramped up Rosa! and as far as tabinets, and India, and French goods go, which I am to smuggle over for presents, or to get made up for my neighbours, there is a pretty reason-

able quantity of contraband commodities stowed around us."

"But why, both for your comfort and security from pillage, did you not collect these commissions a week ago, and send them by cars to Dublin?"

"You extravagant monkey! that would have cost me a fortune; for I could make no charge for carriage of these commissions; besides, I could not get them time enough; it was so long before husbands' and fathers' consents could be wheedled out of them, for the expenses to be incurred. Ah! now, my honey; just be looking—if you can contrive to move—what that hard substance is they have so cruelly jammed into the side of that bandbox, to bore a hole in Lady O'Thrifty's muff and tippet, I am to get enlarged for her at some cheap furrier's."

"This parcel," said Rosa, "contains the spokes and other parts of a spinning wheel."

"Oh! that's Mrs. M'Fangle's plague, that is to send me to Moorfields. I

wonder where they have crammed her fringe-loom I am to get elegantly mended, and her mechanical churn, that I am to learn from the patentee how she can make it move. And I hope, for I cannot scent that out—can you Rosa my honey? we have not yet lost the box with Mrs. Frizzle's wig, which I am bringing over to get altered into the newest and most becoming Parisian style. Ah! now, my honey, where—Oh, here they are; Lady O'Thrifty's four satin gowns, that will stand alone; although here they won't stand, without the prop of Miss Alt's music, I am bringing to get elegantly bound, as cheap as dirt for her:—but, I hope I may remember which two of the satins are to be scowered to look as well as ever; and which two are to be dyed to look as good as new. I do wish people would take the trouble of writing their directions: oh! that reminds me of Lady Grace Modelove's parcels. I wonder what they contain. Perhaps her letter may expound, which I have not read, as I dropped it the very moment I received it at the turnpike at

Kilgibbet, and I had no room to look for it, until Dolittle hauled a car-load of moveables out after her, in her awkward descent."

Mrs. O'Dowd now opened the letter, and concluding it merely related to the commissions she had promised to execute, read aloud:

Mountkillmuckville, May the 26, 1814.

"My dear and valued Friend,

"As you, with your wonted kindness, arising from the exuberance of that flow of the sweet milkiness so ornamental to human nature, in which you so overflowingly abound, have amiably undertaken an infliction of trouble in dedicating an hour or two, some disengaged morning, to the execution of a few commissions for your poor rusticated neighbour at Mountkillmuckville, in the alluring and elegantly supplied metropolis of our highly favoured sister country; I will endeavour, through the inspiration of that ever actuating principle, which forms the guidance of my [illegible]ions, in doing as I would be done by,

to draw you out a succinct statement of what I request your unfaltering goodness to perform for me; and, by a methodical arrangement of my commissions, simplify the task for you.

"In the first place, conceiving you will necessarily have sufficient demands upon your own abundant stores, I consider it correct to enclose you for my use, Sir Thomas's letter of credit upon Messrs. Puget and Bainbridge, College of Physicians, Warwick Lane, St. Paul's.

"Now, conceiving you have received the golden store for me in Warwick Lane, I next request you to step into Bowman's Cilicious Ornamental Warehouse in New Bond Street, to examine the prices and sorts of the head dresses you think would prove becoming to my complexion and style of countenance.

"But, as I confess my feminine vanity, in extreme anxiety for a becoming head-dress, I could wish you not prematurely to determine for me, nor indeed, until you proceed from thence to Ross's Emporium, Bishopsgate Street within: — just to ex-

amine and compare prices and appearance; and then act according to your own judgment for my embellishment.

"I must then request of you to order your horses' heads to Brookes' *Ménagerie*, in the New Road, near Portland Place, to purchase a very fine green parrot for me, as a present for my poor dear aunt Madge.

"From thence, I must beg of you to hie to Pope's, in Friday Street, Cheapside, to buy for Sir Thomas one dozen pair of excellent black silk stockings, and two dozen pair of incomparable white:—for me, three dozen pair of ribbed, or morning stockings; and three dozen pair of the most fashionable ones, with embroidered clocks; every pair different, chosen by you; and further, I must entreat you kindly to put your hand in every pair, to ascertain their being perfect and likely to wear well.

"Next, I must entreat you to drive to Mrs. Ware's, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, to look at her frocks; as I want six beautiful ones for each of my little girls: but

ere you conclude that order, have the goodness to try in Houndsditch: an inquiry will readily lead you to the shop, for it was one in great *vogue* and uncommon cheapness, when aunt Madge was in London.

"From Houndsditch, I must next trouble you to take the casket I send you, containing a suit of emeralds, and another of pearls, to Gray's, in Sackville Street, and learn what he will new set them fashionably for; but ere you agree with him, that's a dear, try at Rundel and Bridge's, Ludgate Hill, and act for me as you would for yourself.

"I have taken the liberty of sending by you a most lovely and favourite muslin dress, which my brother, the General, brought me from Bengal; which you will see I have unfortunately fractured most unmercifully, and which I must trespass on your goodness yourself to take for me to an elegant darner. I heard the major's wife of the ——shire militia mention, named Mary Smith, who lives either at Kensington or Kennington, I do not re-

collect which; but you can readily find her out at either place, as her name is on the window, and she lives next door to a public-house.

"Sir Thomas requests you will go for him to Lackington and Allen's, Finsbury Square, and purchase books for him, as per list inclosed, and to inquire for him at Tattersal's in Grosvenor Place, if the colt of ——"

At this moment Mrs. O'Dowd's chaise stopped at an inn, where she was to change horses; and having innumerable questions to ask relative to the safety of the road, suspended the continuation of Lady Grace's succinct, and methodically arranged list of commissions; and from the innkeeper's giving her no sort of encouragement to hope for safety in the prosecution of her journey, after the next hour, her alarms at the apprehension of banditti prevented her resuming it; but from the moment of her conference with Mr. Boniface, her commissions became a source of increased torment and per-

plexity to her; for the idea of being robbed through intimation conveyed of the delivery of a casket of jewels to her care, which somebody might have babbled about, now fastened upon her mind; and not more spontaneously could the inflamed imagination of the renowned knight of La Mancha perform the transformation of sheep into armies, than Mrs. O'Dowd's did every hedgerow into desperate banditti.

"Well," she every moment exclaimed, as her consternation through the enervating power of anticipated danger increased, "Well, if ever I am so bewitched again as to undertake the care of any mortal's property on a journey through this land of brigands! Indeed in England, one may be as goodnatured as one pleases, without fear of being murdered for it; but here we shall be dragged from the carriage before we have time to cry for mercy, that the robbers may find room to search for booty, and then we shall be beat to stock-fish, if not shot by them, or our poor brains pounded out, for having

such heaps of trumpery to impede the way to the booty worth obtaining; which is no trifle, my poor devoted honey, for besides this decoy casket, I have a most valuable brilliant necklace of my own, that belonged to my cousin O'Dowd's mother, with rings innumerable, and a box full of guineas, which he had hoarded, with all my own wardrobe, and yours too, Rosa, with Mrs. Byrne's point-lace veil, I am bringing to get cleaned: all will be taken from us, and possibly by my own servant there, who is perched up so demurely on the barouche box; whom I was so bewitched as to take into my service only last week, although I shrewdly suspected him to be a rebel, and solely because I thought, from his Colossean figure, he would look stylish behind my new dashing landau I meant to have built; but now I shall have nothing built but my coffin; and this Colossus will be my executioner, for I provided him with pistols to guard us, and now I expect he will turn them, the first fair opportunity, against my own bosom. Heaven preserve us, Rosa!

did you perceive then, how he turned his head to steal a look at you? I saw him do it before, and I am sure he is examining to see if you have ear-rings, or any thing worth murdering you for. Ah, the cut-throat! I fear he looks *gallowsy*; and he saw the delivery of the casket; and put the box of guineas with his own hands into the chaise, and no doubt he heard them chink."

Rosabella, little accustomed to travelling, or even moving out of a circumscribed circle, where even all faces were familiar to her, insensibly imbibed a most comfortless portion of Mrs. O'Dowd's apprehensions, and therefore passed some hours in all the misery of anticipated danger; but, contrary to expectation, they arrived in perfect safety at their place of destination for the night; and in due time, without accident or molestation, at the metropolis; their comfort much amended by the ingenuity of Rosabella, in combining the parcels into more convenient travelling companions.

CHAPTER IV.

As Lady Derville's sojourn in Dublin was only to prove a transient one, she had taken up her abode at a hotel in Sackville Street; which Mrs. O'Dowd had also determined should be her place of temporary residence. To this hotel therefore they were conveyed, on their arrival in the metropolis, where Rosabella was received with every mark of all former maternal kindness by Lady Derville; and with enthusiastic rapture by the ardent Meliora; while Charles said, she was welcome, although he did not look as if she was; for his pride recoiled in apprehension from what a restoration to her society might accomplish.

The conspicuous change in Rosa's aspect, since she had quitted Ravenswood, was strikingly visible to the friends she was now restored to, who were grieved at beholding it: but as all concluded it arose

from the shock she had sustained in the terrific house-wreck, in grieving at being so ruthlessly bereaved of every clew to her connexions, and at being so cruelly defamed to her benefactress, no comment was made to her upon her altered appearance; while all hoped the varying scene of life, now opening to her view upon an expanded scale, would speedily restore her former healthy animated aspect.

Rosabella found her friends in the bustle of preparation for as speedy a departure for England, as Mrs. O'Dowd's arrival in Dublin would possibly admit of; as intelligence had been received that day, of the royal visitors being hourly expected at Dover: therefore, not one moment was allowed to our heroine to view any of the lions of the Irish metropolis, and scarcely to hear any account from Lady Meliora, of her presentation at the castle. However, short as Rosa's stay in Dublin was, Lady Derville found opportunity to tell her, "that it was not anxiety to see the monarchs on their first arrival in London, that induced her to accede to such a rapid

route, but her solicitude to promote her dear Melissa's union with Lord Montalbert; whose silence, after evincing such unequivocal admiration for her granddaughter, as to beguile her of her unsophisticated affections, was beginning to awaken great uneasiness in her bosom for the happiness of her child."

At length the moment of embarkation arrived, and, with an auspicious wind, they got under weigh, and safely cleared Dublin bar; but almost immediately after they had done so, their favouring gale gradually subsided, and the captain of the packet feared he might augur a dead calm.

Beside their own party, there were several other passengers on board; many of whom had betaken themselves to their births, to ward the blow of threatened sickness; amongst whom Rosa promptly conjectured Captain Arundel to be; since the first hand held out in hearty grasp to assist her on board, was that of the faithful Wilson; but who, ere she could thank him for his aid, or inquire for his master, had vanished.

Mrs. O'Dowd, who was not in the least affected by the motion of the ship, no more than any of her Ravenswood friends, was particularly delighted on finding a Mrs. Leary on board, who was full as violent an English enthusiast as herself; and who entered heartily with her into all her romantic praises of its superiority over their own country, to the great indignation of Mr. Monson.

"That great big booby, ma'am, is my only son," said Mrs. Leary to Mrs. O'Dowd, after they had commenced their rapturous duet upon the delights of England; "and he is so absurdly national, that I cannot persuade him to believe England can be superior to Ireland."

"He is right," said Charles, haughtily; "there exists no superiority but in her wealth, and being the favourite child of government."

"Were you ever there, sir?"

"Never."

"Then I'll engage your opinion will soon be changing, like my poor boy's,

when he opens his now wilfully blind eyes to conviction; when he perceives not a beggar disgracing the streets."

"Not one for love or money," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd.

"Now is there, ma'am?" returned Mrs. Leary, complacently; "and not a dog, in consequence, to be barking at our heels, like our vile uncouth cabin curs, taught such flagrant rudeness to keep off the loathsome approach of lazy paupers."

"And then all the lower orders so beautifully clean!" said Mrs. O'Dowd; "and all so civilized; and as to inebriety, it is a vice wholly unknown in England: and then, in all accommodation for travelling, the pre-eminence is very striking."

A friend of Mrs. Leary's, a mate of an Indiaman, who had been to visit his friends in Ireland ere he set out upon a new voyage to the oriental shores, now told a ludicrous history of his own late travels home, in illustration of Mrs. O'Dowd's assertion; and the moment this Mr. Lynch ended his absurd detail, the English enthusiasts con-

gratulated him "upon having terminated his journey in safety:" but these gratulations seemed suspiciously premature, when Mr. Monson, with electrifying asperity, exclaimed,

"I hope, sir, those Irishmen who basely act the assassin's treacherous part to their country, by reprehensibly defaming it for the idle gratification of the prejudiced, may be found possessors of sufficient spirit to answer for their unnatural and scandalous defamations, when called upon."

"I trust those who dare defame my country in my hearing may, sir," returned Mr. Lynch, with animation; "since I should most certainly chastise them, and should feel my spirit humbled by having my prowess degraded on an unresisting poltroon. But all I have just related is a plain, unvarnished fact, since I possess no talent for embellishment; or I do not promise, that I would not exert it in innocent cases like the one in question."

"Innocent cases!!—The ridicule of our native country is innocent, then, in your

opinion, sir," said Mr. Monson, smiling in contemptuous indignation. "What sentiments, think you, would a citizen of Rome have uttered upon this subject?"

"Sentiments becoming a Roman," Mr. Lynch replied. "And, as a native of a country full as patriotic as any which ancient history portrays for us (or what avail the exploits of Wellington and his brave brethren in attestation of it?), I pronounce, that we do no harm in laughing at our national prejudices, our eccentric usages, or the inconveniences our adherence to hereditary laxity in improvements perpetuate: we only injure the cause, when we aim at defending them."

The brow of Mr. Monson now lost something of its indignant lower; yet still unbending to conviction of this man's liberality of sentiments, acquired through extended knowledge of men and manners, he haughtily walked away to an unoccupied part of the deck; and as he appeared to contemplate the now glassy deep, over which the vessel scarcely seemed to glide,

he ruminated upon all Mr. Lynch had uttered, as a question that demanded either his hostility or his silent contempt.

The increasing calm of the lately ruffled water, with the intelligence promptly conveyed by Wilson of Miss Frederick being on board, had induced Captain Arundel to arise from his birth, to take his station where he might hope to see her; and leaning on the arm of his faithful servant, he made his interesting appearance, not in better health, evidently, than when Rosa had first seen him.

Captain Arundel instantly turned his steps to the spot where Rosa was, and, to the surprise of all her friends, paid his compliments of recognition, with a polished grace that pleased every one, and a flash of animation, that no one expected from his languid aspect.

Rosabella received his civilities with respondent courtesy; and Lady Derville, by whom she was seated, on perceiving this stranger was known to her *protégée*, and from the prompt interest his too apparent want of health excited, instantly accom-

modated him with a seat between herself and Rosabella.

The moment Charles perceived this stranger placed by her, for whom imperious pride had arbitrarily commanded the suppresion of every rising sensation of tenderness, some rebellious feelings, not quite amenable to the tyranny that governed his bosom, sent him to her side in a panic of alarm, to whisper an inquiry of who that uncommonly handsome man was? and how she had become acquainted with him? questions to which she unhesitatingly replied.

"You, from having had your introduction through accident," returned Charles, "cannot establish him as your licensed acquaintance, by undertaking to introduce any one to him. I must, therefore, play the part of master of the ceremonies for myself; and to afford me an opportunity for so doing, may I beg of my dear Rosa to change her place to the vacant one by my sister, that I may obey a resistless impulse, which seems to urge me on to form this acquaintance?"

Although almost sorry, Rosabella instantly complied, and soon found Lady Meliora was in no pleasant mood towards her; for her ladyship had remarked, with the first sensation of envy this friend of her earliest years had awakened, that the most unequivocal admiration of this stranger (whom she pronounced as transcendently handsome as even Lord Montalbert himself) was exclusively devoted to her; and that his eyes had followed her to her new seat, and had been undeviatingly riveted upon her, with an evident expression of animated interest.

Mr. Sternham, who, from the same observations, found jealousy performing its part in his bosom, even more torturingly than envy was in Lady Meliora's, now joined the fair friends, to glean from Rosabella all she knew of this invalide; and soon discovering how circumscribed that knowledge was, ventured on a random shot of artful policy, by carelessly saying,

"Then I know more of him; for I find, from what I heard his servant telling the steward just now, that he is hurrying over

to England, with a degree of rapidity almost too much for his feeble frame to sustain, to meet his wife, whom he is adoringly attached to, and has not seen since he received his desperate wound."

The only effect this intelligence had upon the occupied heart of Rosa was to increase her interest for the poor invalide; but upon the mind of Lady Meliora it operated like a soothing charm, luring back at once kindness and cordiality to our heroine, who, although dearly beloved, she could not endure should despoil her of one conquest; and now, from the conviction that he could not be in love with Rosa, she concluded his pleased observation of her arose from some fancied resemblance to his wife. Accordingly, every inherent principle of delicacy recoiling from the wish of captivating a married man, all her deforming affectation vanished; and no other person being on board whom she thought worthy of alluring, she became at once infinitely more perilous to a disengaged heart.

Amongst the passengers on board this

packet, Lord Derville found, in a Mr. Foxcraft, a man as attractive to him as Captain Arundel seemed to the rest of his family; for this man proclaimed himself a professed bargain-hunter; one who confessedly understood the art of cheap living; and who, by his deep science in economy, contrived to appear in a gentlemanly style, upon a very moderate property. To obtain this man's friendship, as an enriching mine, became his lordship's anxious wish, and led him to overlook disparity in age (for Mr. Foxcraft was full thirty years Lord Derville's senior), a disgusting servility of address, and not to be disguised inelegance of manner; whilst, in defiance of the most laboured affectation of the English diction, an electrifying chaunt of his national brogue would burst its tone through all the double *ees* he could press into his language, or some vile error in grammar betray the low origin from which he sprung.

Whilst the different parties were engaged at dinner, a gale again sprung up, favourable for the voyage they were making, but

inauspicious to those whom the increased motion of the sea could affect; consequently, Captain Arundel was compelled to tear himself from a party, for whom he felt, each succeeding moment, sensations of fast-increasing interest.

Although the gale was brisk, it was by no means so much so as to prevent the convalescent from a promenade upon the deck; amongst whom, Lady Meliora and our heroine took this exercise; and in one of the often-repeated turns of this circumscribed parade, they beheld Wilson eagerly gazing for a near advance to the Welch coast, in the anxious wish for his beloved master's relief from the oppressive langnor occasioned by his voyage. On perceiving him, actuated by their commiserating interest, they inquired "how he left his master?"

"Rather better, ladies, I humbly thank you from the bottom of my heart," he replied, profoundly bowing.

"I rejoice to hear it," said Lady Meliora, "as he seems unable to sustain any increase of illness."

"Ah! my lady, that is a sure thing," returned Wilson, with a heavy sigh; "but, cruel bad as the dear young gentleman is, I am thankful to Almighty Providence for his being even so well; for, many and many a bitter day and night, I thought the sorrow was for me to lose my master."

"Were you with him when he was wounded?" demanded Lady Meliora, who, with Rosa, was much affected by the faltering voice of Wilson.

"No, my lady, or I trust I should have had the satisfaction of sacrificing to my just vengeance the assassin, who shot him in cold blood; for the battle of Vittoria was over, and he had escaped in action, but, the moment after, he received a musket ball through his body, and was taken prisoner; and ill was he able to contend with either misfortune, having his once fine health quite broken down by toil and privations: but he would not give up. No; whilst his country wanted defenders, he would not give way to his own ailments, but struggled hard against them; and many and many's the night, when he has

lain down under the open canopy of Heaven, I know his belief was, he should never unclose his eyes upon another day in this world, from the orders he has given me."

"Alas!" said Rosabella, painfully affected, both through commiseration awakened by this account of suffering valour, and from firm belief, that even such had been the sufferings and exertions of the brave Egremont: "Alas! and had he no friend near, to dissuade him from such perilous adherence to his martial duty?"

"Many, miss; and many, too, that suffered, and bore, and persevered as he did. Ah! fond mothers little knew, miss, how the darling sons they had reared in the lap of ease and luxury were doomed to endure all. I saw many a tenderly brought up gentleman go through without murmuring: the toil, the hunger, the thirst, the danger (not alone of battle), which overcame many a brave fellow in the ranks also. But when we saw not a suffering nor privation of ours that was not equally endured by our leaders, we learned to bear all too, and persevere, until even the arms of death opened

to receive us: and that example, and that fellowship in suffering it was, that led us on to save, not only other countries but our own."

"Daggers! daggers!" exclaimed Charles, vehemently, as he flew from his sister and Rosa to the opposite side of the vessel, and, bending over the ship's railing, endeavoured to conceal from observation the emotion that overpowered him; when Lady Meliora, alarmed by his exclamation, and the agitation of his manner, flew after him, and importuned him to impart to her what so powerfully affected him.

"Gracious Heaven! Meliora," he replied, do you then conceive me a stock, a stone, an insensate?—Could I be a man?—could I have a heart becoming one, and not find every patriotic pulse within it throb with the tortures of regret on not having borne my part in such proud suffering,—such a glorious, honourable conflict?—Now, now my head can never rise in pride of conscious heroism, like those men. Useless atom! I have borne no part in the emancipation of Europe. My country bled;

but I shed no drop of sympathy: my contemporaries toiled and endured, and sacrificed even health unmurmuringly in the glorious cause; and, shame on my home-veiled cheek! I was *encradled* by sloth and ease upon the downy cushion of my grandam. Oh! Lady Derville! Lady Derville! never shall my brow shake off that garland of care and misery you placed there, instead of those unfading laurels of which you have bereaved me."

"My dear, my beloved brother, I implore you not to give way to such unavailing regrets. Why should you deplore not having been suffered to lose that blessing health, as this poor Captain Arundel has done! Why not be contented, like Derville, to ——

"Pshaw! nonsense!—Derville is the representative of an ancient house, and has (if he acts the part allotted to him as conscience should dictate) quite sufficient to perform, in his exalted station, to satisfy a patriotic spirit; while I,—but you, a baby, a trembling girl,—you cannot feel as I do:" and now, angry with his sister

for endeavouring to console him, Charles broke impetuously from her, and hurrying down to the cabin, threw himself upon the bed appropriated for him, there uninterruptedly to ruminate upon that disgrace he conceived himself overwhelmed by.

This mortifying meditation was not likely to prove a palliative, to compose his now most irritable state of temper; so that when he arose from his bed, on a rumour that they were within half a league of the haven they were bound for, with his misanthropic fancies inflamed by every humiliating retrospection he could conjure up as a badge of disgrace to him, he was not in a very pacific state of mind to hear a loud complaint made to him by young Leary (who was wound up to the very highest pitch of indignant ire by his national enthusiasm), of "Mr. Lynch's further infamous defamation of Ireland," by recounting a ridiculous story of a practical blunder committed by his own brother two days before he left home. So well did this boy play his part of an inflammatory brand, that Charles at length impe-

tuously flew upon deck, to give a verbal challenge to this villainous anti-patriot; but, fortunately, Mr. Lynch was not there, being gone to look after his baggage; and, as fortunately, he arrived on deck just in time to hear the history of his intended antagonist, given by Mrs. Leary to Mrs. O'Dowd. From this he learned, "that Mr. Lynch maintained, by his exertions, his whole family, consisting of a paralytic grandfather, a widowed mother, and six young brothers and sisters; and although devotedly attached to a most amiable and lovely young woman, he gave up every idea of his own individual happiness, for the sake of those who had no dependence upon earth but himself."

"O Heaven!" thought the recoiling Charles, "and shall I, like a dire assassin, aim at the life of this inestimable man, to bereave so many of subsistence?—No, amiable Lynch! who art far, far exalted above me, who am useful to no one:—no; your life, say what you will, shall ever be held as sacred by me as your virtues."

Scarcely had Charles pronounced his

mental soliloquy, when Lynch appeared; and to the amazement and chagrin of young Leary, Mr. Monson flew with the hand of amity to the man, whom the preceding moment he had been about to challenge; and requested his forgiveness for many rude and absurd things he had said to him; all arising from uncurbed impetuosity of temper, and the misconceptions of a novice in the world; and Lynch, pleased and astonished at such an unthought of apology, cordially took his offered hand.

At length their auspicious voyage terminated, and a safe landing placed our party upon Welch ground; when a general separation of the packet passengers ensued, all retiring to the different inns or hotels they were bound for.

Lord Derville, from wishing to lessen the expense of travelling as much as possible, had determined there should be no lingering upon the road; and therefore stipulated, that he was to be the arranger of their journey. He regulated for their starting early the following morning; and

in consequence, none of the Ravenswood party saw Captain Arundel ere their departure from Holyhead, as his ill health compelled him to a longer indulgence in the renovating power of sleep. However, Charles left a few lines expressive of the interest he felt for him, with a request, that he would let him know upon his arrival in London where to find him; but, like a wild Irishman, omitted a requisite for compliance with this request, his own address.

CHAPTER V.

AGREEABLY to the plan of Lord Derville, he permitted no inspection of sights in any of the places his party passed through; only allowing sufficient pauses for necessary refreshment of food and rest: so that, on the evening of the fourth day after their sea voyage was accomplished, they arrived at Freecastle's hotel in Albemarle Street; where the horror of his lordship, on learning the sum which his lodgings only, in this magnificent hotel, would impoverish him by, which a friend in Dublin had written to secure for him — almost led him to run off with his whole party to some obscure inn; but the courteous *maître d' hôtel* informed his lordship:

"That he could procure nothing cheaper in London, at that unprecedented period of throng, expectation, and ardent curiosity; since every person of conse-

quence in the United Kingdom was pressing forward to the metropolis to behold the illustrious guests, coming to evince their gratitude, by a visit to a country to which they owed so much:—that for his part, he almost augured a lamentable scarcity of provisions; while what could be procured in the general scramble would be vended at a price unparalleled."

"But as to these apartments, my lord," continued Mr. Freecastle, "if they do not meet your approbation, I would by no means wish you to remain in them an hour. It will prove no sort of inconvenience to me, taking them off your lordship's hands; as I have been repeatedly offered, since your worthy friend, my excellent patron, Lord Hillgrennan, secured them for you, more than double what your lordship is to have them for; and indeed, there is at this very moment the *avant-coureur* of Sir Squander Strewgold arrived, to offer me a *carte blanche* for any apartments in my house. And *these* are Sir Squander's favourite *suite*."

Lord Derville, having now obtained an intimation of having secured a bargain, would by no means agree to relinquish it; though still he groaned in spirit for the arrival of his valuable new friend, the thrifty Mr. Fencraft, to save a fortune for him; but he had left him in the isle of Anglesea, determined to walk his journey through Wales to contemplate scenery; therefore, alas! he could cherish no expectation of his aid, for a week at least of ruinous expenses to come.

Mr. Freecastle had not spoken hyperbolically, when he announced his house full, almost beyond the possibility of comfortable accommodation, for every apartment in it was occupied; so universally raged the *influenza* of curiosity, to behold the constellation of sovereigns and heroes, coming to beam their brilliancy in the British metropolis. The perpetual ringing of the summoning bells, the incessant hasty foot-falls of flitting waiters and other attendants; the lumbering of baggage in conveyance; the rattling of glasses and crockery-ware, in requisition for the va-

rious dinners; the unceasing roll of carriages to the door, with loud knocks and heavy peals, come either to require accommodation, or to visit those who were fortunately accommodated; altogether made up a combination of sounds, stunning to the auricular faculties of those, who, for almost their whole existence, had vegetated in the sombre stillness of a lonely mansion, sequestered in a thick wood, and secluded from society: whilst upon the nerves of some of this long entombed party this clang of bustle struck with dismaying effect; for Rosa trembled at every new sound, in apprehension of she knew not what of coming mischief; and Lady Derville shrunk from all the discomfort, this specimen gave, of what the tumult of a season in London would prove to her; and trembled in apprehensive terror at what of evil might result to her yet immaculate young people from it.

Scarcely had Mrs. O'Dowd returned to the drawing-room after their late dinner, than she sent to purchase the Peerage, and also, in compliance with the advice

of the waiter who executed her commission, a visiting book, to lead her to the residence of her friends in London. From the moment she obtained the former, until that of separation for her night's repose, she pored over it; and could only achieve the discovery of her dear sister-friend, Lady Harriet, or Charlotte A. B. C. D., whom she at length identified as Lady Cecilia Dervent, daughter to the Earl of Seabrook, and wife to a learned law lord, the Earl of Flowerdew; "But, without the trouble of *rapping* at one wrong door, thanks to the mighty clever heads of the ingenious English! her visiting book presented her at once with the very house of her friend in 'Mansfield Street, Portland Place.'"

"I will go to-morrow morning," she exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight, and call upon my beloved friend Lady Flowerdew."

"But what excuse, my honey, will you make to her ladyship," demanded Mr. Monson with an expressive smile, "for

swopping away her dear keepsake with Vine the jeweller?"

"Ah, now that's true! what excuse?" replied Mrs. O'Dowd, a little disconcerted at the untoward remembrance. "Why a—because—oh! because its form went out of fashion."

"Oh! there is fashion then in friendship?" responded Charles; "but I was goose enough to fancy the form of its chains could never vary."

"But women's friendship, you men affirm," said Rosabella, making an effort at her natural gaiety, "cannot sustain chains, since made for lighter bonds:—the garlands of fancy, the gossamer web that flits on air in summer weather."

"Never were the bonds of female friendship more accurately defined, by all that's capricious!" exclaimed Mr. Sternham, enraptured; but in a tone of affected vivacity so dissonant to his disposition, that all who heard him were electrified by it, in the belief that the Port wine, which he was unaccustomed to—and Lord

Derville, on learning the price of claret, had forborne to order any—had mounted into the head of this hitherto austere unbending man.

"It was playfully defined; but not in my dear Rosa's own animated tones," said Lady Derville. "You are greatly fatigued, my dear, by your long extent of journey; or else you feel too deeply the late calamitous overthrow to your reasonably founded expectations."

Rosabella's spirits were at once subjugated by this too keenly felt remark; and without power to restrain her feelings, she burst into tears—instantly, and ere our poor heroine could effect her retreat from the room, Lady Meliora flew to her, threw her arms around her neck, and whilst sympathetic drops trembled in her own beautiful eyes, exclaimed:

"Why take this disappointment to your hopes so bitterly to heart, my own Rosa? Is not my grandmother, your grandmother? My brothers, yours too? and am not I your sister, more tenderly attached to you than any other, knowing you so long—can

ever be? And do not believe the friends you are withheld from could love you better, or half so well, as those to whom you are spared."

Rosabella, now completely subdued by her gratitude to Lady Meliora for this affecting tenderness, sobbed her convulsive reply, as she pressed her affectionate friend to her bursting heart.

"*Bon soir*, grandmama; and all of you, good folks," said Lady Meliora, waving her hand; "Rosa and I are hurrying to our nests, for the preservation of our complexion."

"Good night, *my children*," replied her ladyship, with an affecting emphasis, that instantly led Rosabella to fly to her, snatch her hand, and press it with fervour to her quivering lips; but without power for articulation, she darted after Lady Meliora.

Mrs. O'Dowd, all wild impatience to behold herself attired in the most "stylish costume of *haut ton*," determined not to delay her visit to Lady Flowerdew, that she might initiate her in the true transit

of real fashion's artisans. Accordingly, after infinite difficulty, and at an immensely expensive rate, which made Lord Derville groan for the arrival of Mr. Foxcraft—procuring job-horses for her carriage; since every horse was in requisition to whirl the thronging votaries of curiosity through the round of coming pleasure, she set out for Mansfield Street; not a little disconcerted, however, at the short stay she had been allowed to make in Dublin having prevented her procuring a more dashing morning dress, than the one she was compelled to make her first impression in; and rather disappointed at Lady Derville, from not knowing what kind of reception her *ci-devant* friend might give her, permitting only our heroine to be her companion on this trial of the permanency of female friendship.

Rosabella felt no great expectation of much pleasure being derived from a visit, where, if even recognition awaited Mrs. O'Dowd, no great cordiality might mark her reception; but still more powerful became her timid apprehensions upon the

subject, when, upon being admitted at Lord Flowerdew's, Mrs. O'Dowd desired the announcing servant to proclaim her as:

"My Honey!"

"Mrs. Honeywood, did you say, Madam?" demanded the man, just as they reached the room they were to be received in.

"No, Sir. My Honey!"

The servant, although with an inquisitive glance at the strangers, not perhaps unmingled with alarm, did as he was desired, when a remarkably elegant and strikingly fine woman, about Mrs. O'Dowd's own time of life, threw down the book she had been reading, and bursting into a fit of risibility, sprung from her seat, and hastened towards Mrs. O'Dowd with extended hands, exclaiming:

"*Cead millefaltha* *, to my honey! The very words you taught me at Bath, you see, stored up to bid you ten thousand times welcome to me in London; and

* Ten thousand welcomes.

yet, without that identifying appellation, ten thousand to one I should have remembered you; and no one but my honey would have thought of so ready a passport to my recognition. And how have you been, these fourteen years of transportation, from which you are now returned to me? And this lovely appendage! who am I to have the pleasure of addressing in her?"

"Why, a lovely and rare plant from the botanic place of my fourteen years of compulsatory sojourn," returned Mrs. O'Dowd smiling, and cordially repaying the grasp of friendly recognition: "Miss Frederick, a ward of my neighbour and friend, the Countess Dowager of Derville."

"And your looks proclaim your having been well and happy since we met," said Lady Flowerdew. "And how singular it was, that only last night my cousin Harry Rattlingham was reminding me of you and your charming spirits, and neither of us could remember your name; for all reminiscence of that was lost in your self-nomination of, my honey! and this

opportune reverting to you and your cheerfulness was most fortunate; or probably I might not so speedily have recognized you."

Mrs. O'Dowd now inquired for Lord Flowerdew, and if there were any other individuals she ought to ask for?

"My Lord is as gay, and sleek, and well, as an insatiate feeder on musty parchments can be; and as to other individuals, I have seven animals, in the form of pet lambs, you may ask for; at grass upon Wimbledon common, where we have a villa."

"And now let me ask," said Mrs. O'Dowd, "what became of our dear friend, Miss—Miss—dear me, I shall forget my own name next—but we were both so fond of her at Bath. Did she marry your cousin Rattlingham? and is she alive, or dead?"

"Alive, and in high preservation; but not as Mrs. Rattlingham:—no, you stood a much better chance there.—No, our friend Mary did not enter the pale of matrimony until about four years since;

when, completely withering upon the stalk, with parents dead and brothers married, and caring little for a fading sister, without the consequence of riches; she was glad to condescend to become the wife of a man who can keep a coach for her, and a house in Fitzroy Square: but the man is a *bête*, and *canaille* into the bargain; some sort of a projector; but respectable however in this line, for government patronize him, and have made a simple knight of him; therefore she is now Lady Wilemore, still tolerated by her own family and friends, who are all most horridly annoyed by the *volgo* relatives of Sir Gilbert.

A loud assault of the street-door having anticipated a visitor, at this moment Lady Wilemore was announced.

"Hush!" exclaimed Lady Flowerdew, with her finger on her lip, "let us see if she will recognize ere I announce you."

Lady Wilemore, highly rouged, and attired in the extreme of fashion, made her appearance, and flying up to Lady Flowerdew, took both her hands in a rap-

ture of friendship's greeting, as she exclaimed:

"My dear Cecilia, how I rejoice to see you looking so divinely, that you can have no excuse for not taking one row of my box at Drury Lane off my hands this evening. My brother Frank, and party, have disappointed me, or I should not have had a place to offer to a mouse."

"I cannot possibly promise for any thing, until these coming wonders have paid their visit."

"But, as they are not yet arrived, you may surely snatch one play, before they come to monopolize our time."

"You forget, we are in momentary expectation of them:—that every eye is fixed upon the telegraph, gaping for the welcome sentence—'They are landing;' so flatter yourself not, that any mortals will immure themselves in a play-house, whilst the chance of hearing the chariot wheels of these triumphant heroes passing even in twilight is held open to them:—but after these wonders make their exit, remember, any good things in the way of amusement

you can oblige me with, I hold in requisition for an old friend of yours and mine, —my honey."

"My, what?"

"My honey! Surely you must remember the lively niece of Mrs. Le Hunte, for you were dreadfully jealous of Harry Ratlingham's admiration of her."

"Oh! the dependent niece of a Hottentot Irishwoman! Odious! I shall not accommodate her, indeed," replied Lady Wilemore, not pleased at the allusion to her jealousy.

"I see you do not remember the individual I mean," said Lady Flowerdew, shocked at the rudeness she had thoughtlessly caused utterance to.

"But I do, although I forget her name, it was such an O'Flummery of a vulgarity."

"More and more you convince me, we do not mean the same person. Pray my dear ma'am, can you remind me of the name of *my* honey," said Lady Flowerdew, addressing Mrs. O'Dowd.

"Really she has had so many names,

it is rather a puzzle," replied Mrs. O'Dowd.

"Oh! an unconscionable, marrying up woman! let us talk no more of her," exclaimed Lady Wilemore; "and do tell me, if you can recommend an admirable governess to me?"

"Will I answer?" demanded Mrs. O'Dowd, looking archly at Lady Flowerdew. "Because it would be just the thing for the dependent niece of a Hottentot Irishwoman: or perhaps my vulgarity of name may negative me? hey! my honey?"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Lady Wilemore, highly disconcerted; "it is not possible you are my honey."

"Why, I think she has evinced her affinity to the sweets of human composition," said Lady Flowerdew, smiling.

"I know," replied Lady Wilemore, anxious now, by an overflow of condescension, to bear down all remembrance of her unlucky speeches: "I know she never could have acquired the appellation of honey, had she not been a *sweet* crea-

ture, although you see my treacherous memory allowed every trace of our dear lively Bath friend to slip out of it; and permitted me to snatch up some ideal fancy to embody for her. But really, my dear honey friend, as I do absolutely begin to remember you, and your very charming venerable aunt, Le—La—Le—La Hoyde, and the delectable days I glided through in your beguiling society, permit me to take you by the hand in amity; and to express my infinite regret at not having had the good fortune to meet you some days since; as a few evenings ago I had an admirable—nay, a superb concert at my house, in Fitzroy Square: — had I not, Cecilia? and I do assure you, I should have been most happy to have received you. I should indeed! nay, really I should; and be assured I do not merely say so because the concert is past, and that at present no one can form parties; but in absolute sincerity: and indeed, I might then have contrived to introduce you to some eligibles."

"But come now," said Lady Flower-

dew, anxious to terminate this condescending impertinence, "having convinced us you are come post from *Hybla*, do impart to us some of those appellatives, that have been making their transit round you, on your *milky*-way."

"The name my sponsors gave me," replied Mrs. O'Dowd, smiling, "and which seems wholly to have absconded from your repositories of retention, was Dora; that my father honoured me by, Stopford: when my *milky*-way commenced its double path, my husband shackled me with that of Alermont; and fortune has now crowned all, with an alias even surpassing O'Flummery!—but don't let us mind it now."

"But now, or never," exclaimed Lady Flowerdew; "for I shall die of curiosity, and never hear it."

Mrs. O'Dowd pretending to affect, what she really did feel, horror at her name, pronounced the letters of it, but left them to give sound to the whole.

"But you mentioned fortune," exclaimed Lady Wilemore, not even sparing one

smile for the ludicrous tone in which her *dear friend* sung out the letters of her name. "Do you mean, that you have changed your name for a fortune, my *very dear friend?*"

"Even so," replied Mrs. O'Dowd. "Fortune gilds the vulgarity it has given me, *my dear* friend."

"What, a *large* fortune?"

"Why, sufficient to authorize its being said, 'that Captain Alermont O'Dowd, R. N., and his honey, have got more money than wit.'"

"But pray," demanded Lady Flowerdew, with corresponding playfulness, "to what tense does this favour of fortune belong? To the present, or, as many estates I have heard of in the Emerald Isle, to the future?"

"Oh!" replied Mrs. O'Dowd, "I conjugate I have,—not I shall or will have."

"Well, then, I do with sincerity congratulate you, my honey!" said Lady Flowerdew, with a smile of pleasure.

Some questions eagerly asked by Lady Wilemore led her at length into the whole

history of the party of which Mrs. O'Dowd formed one; at least, all of the history which Mrs. O'Dowd considered likely to raise her consequence: with the accompaniment of such embellishments, as she thought would contribute to that purpose; namely, doubling the fortune of the Ravenswood family, and announcing Rosabella as a ward of Lady Derville: details listened to with the most profound attention by Lady Wilemore, who, whilst Mrs. O'Dowd detailed, was making her eager calculations upon how she could speculate for her own advantage, through her diversified powers of manœuvring, upon the Derville family, and this her ci-devant friend, and now wealthy acquaintance; since ever to her own interest she was widely awake: for although Sir Gilbert had rendered himself tolerably wealthy by his ingenious speculations, yet he had such constant demand for large sums to promote the success of his undertakings, that he could not yield his fair spouse means to gratify her taste for expense; and, from this cause, she had learned to become as expert a projector as

himself: but, unlike her husband's speculations, hers required no cash; for hers were to supply, by her profound policy, all that Sir Gilbert was compelled to withhold from her.

The principal field of Lady Wilemore's manœuvring prowess was that of obliging, with the view of obtaining cent per cent interest for her civilities; and to confer trifling favours, where she doubted not of receiving those of importance in return. She was also deeply skilled in the management of winding round those who had influence in places of public amusement, to secure, for her plans, boxes at theatres, and tickets on particular occasions; whilst to shop for country friends, or attend those in town to emporiums of her recommending, were amongst her most favourite arrangements: since, from those she thus brought custom to, she could command long credit for herself; and where she could manœuvre off their old-fashioned or imperfect commodities upon rustic simpletons, she knew her right became indis-

putable for obtaining a rewarding bargain for herself.

That Mrs. O'Dowd was a promising subject for such speculations of interest, a few words only, spoken upon the subject of dress, fully informed her: she therefore promptly offered her services to her *dear friend*, who thankfully accepted her promised kindness, when disappointed in Lady Flowerdew's making no similar offer; but this strikingly elegant peeress felt no sort of inclination for volunteering in such trouble; and besides, she well knew the sinister Lady Wilemore would never forgive her, if she rescued this promising prize from her fangs.

Lady Wilemore, always anxious for her equipage to be seen at the doors of the milliners and shops she patronized, pronounced her landau more convenient and comfortable for the conveyance of three than the chariot of Mrs. O'Dowd; and arranged that they should proceed immediately in it from Lord Flowerdew's, to make some immediate purchases; as Mrs.

O'Dowd had declared, " she could not be seen by the emperor, the king, and the hetman, without a complete alteration in the style of her *costume.*"

CHAPTER VI.

On alighting at Lady Wilemore's principal milliner's, from whose door half a dozen gay equipages moved off to make way for our party, a young girl, displayingly arrayed as a model of fashion, opened the door, and let them into a hall not unworthy of the mansion of a peer; where vases, statues, and green-house plants were arranged in attestation of taste and affluence. Another model from the torturing chisel of arbitrary fashion, wedged into a bodice and petticoat many sizes too small for her *embonpoint* form to breathe or move freely in, ushered them up a staircase, finished in the first style of architecture, and ornamented with every trapping of luxurious prodigality, and into a magnificent *suite* of apartments, furnished with velvet and silk draperies, paintings, gildings, mirrors, &c. &c.; in short, with the whole display of expensive and fashionable household em-

bellishment, to render the altitude of Mrs. Dizenall's line of business unquestionable.

Almost immediately, the freemasonry of Lady Wilemore's signals being perfectly comprehended by the high priestess of this temple of fancy, that superb dame manœuvred her extrication from attendance upon a lady of fashion, deep in Mrs. Dizenall's books, to pay her obsequious devoirs where she understood there would be prompt payment, and a good subject for the fascinations of finery; and with the most condescending smiles she approached this new victim to her temptations, who did not very rapidly make her decisions, since it was no trivial matter of unimportant consideration to strike out the most becomingly attractive attire, to appear before princes and heroes; and to combine, without a predominance to give offence, the complimentary colours and *costume* of the allies, and their renowned and illustrious generals.

At length, however puzzled our Hibernian votary of fashion found herself, she

did contrive to determine upon an order, so satisfactory to the grandee, who condescended to adorn her, that Lady Wilemore was allowed to supply herself with a bonnet and spencer upon her own *prime cost* terms.

When all was nearly arranged for transforming Mrs. Alermont O'Dowd into a walking specimen of the costume of all nations, a most vivacious little woman of about fifty years old, attired with all the presuming license of a beauty of eighteen, came rushing into these grandly gay apartments, talking most audibly, although without a companion to call forth her volubility, distending her arms in attractive action, tossing her head, shrugging her shoulders, and distorting her whole form for admiration.

"Oh! my dear Dizenall!" she exclaimed, twirling the high priestess of fashion round from her attendance upon Mrs. O'Dowd, to monopolize her to herself: "Oh! my dear Dizenall! I am in the utmost affliction! almost distracted with

douleur! and you must exert all your possible energies to mitigate my calamity."

"Assuredly, marchioness. But what has befallen you of misfortune? Your last point dress not fractured yet?"

"Ye gods forbid! But that very point dress forms part of the aggravation of my *malheur*. You must know," her ladyship continued, speaking quick, and lisping with childish coquetry, perceiving she had attracted observation, whilst she played with the fluttering leaves of a flower in a cap, on one of the stands before her. "You must know, *mon père* (who has had such robust health, I thought as much of his dying day as of my own) is going, as unopportunely as unexpectedly, to tip off the perch; nay, from the nature of the dispatch I had, must have absolutely tipped off by this time. So, there is a pretty job! What am I to do?"

"So, so," whispered Lady Wilemore, "we shall now find out if *une parvenue* marchioness ever had a father—it has been doubted."

"Do! Why, go into mourning to be sure, marchioness."

"Ah! there's the rub, Dizenall! At such a *mal à propos* moment, whilst these monarchs are to be here; and all the world blazing in brilliancy."

"It is indeed, too provoking. But, cannot it be postponed until the sovereigns are gone? Ah! I forget, you escutcheoned individuals cannot steal to the tomb. His relative peers must know it, to mourn. I forget, too, his lordship's title. What a head I have!"

The ideally juvenile marchioness, blushed even visibly through her rouge; and stooping for an instant to admire the flounces of a petticoat on an approximate stand, raised her head with renovated composure, and infantilely said:

"But you don't comfort me, Dizenall."

"Really," replied the milliner, with rather a sarcastic smile, "I should fear that was not in my province, if even it was an attempt necessary for your ladyship."

"Not in your province to comfort me? Then whose is it in, if you cannot strike out some style of becoming mourning for me?"

"*Oh!* if *that* will do it, there I am *au fait!*—Let me see, ay—there has of late, your ladyship knows, been an innovation in costume, of most striking effect:—that of enlivening *family* mourning, even in its first stage, by the gayest artificial flowers; as garlands adorn graves:—now your improvement must be, to gem your grief; which will still be classically correct; as you take for precedent the brilliant lights in the black chamber of state; torches at a midnight interment."

"Oh! you heavenly creature!" exclaimed the gay mourner in an extacy of approbation. "I think that will be superb taste; and vastly becoming too: and my *Fancie* admires me much in jewels; and it was in mourning—indeed, in sombre weeds, I made my conquest of him; and he has superlative taste!"

"For spending money," whispered Lady Wilemore. "She made her fortune by her first marriage, and has marred

it by her second, which has just taken place; for that affected old baby is now a bride; and bride to a young, handsome, spendthrift."

Mrs. O'Dowd's "Ah! my's," were promptly terminated by the sudden appearance of four clumsy girls, attired as shepherdesses, in Oldenberg green petticoats, so displayingly festooned with pink ribbons, as to prove their perfect philosophy in standing criticism upon the sturdihood of the limbs, that bore them rapidly into the room, followed by their stumpy mama, whose caricatura bonnet of the Oldenberg form might have served as an *avant-coureur*, to clear the way for her party.

"Oh! Mrs. Dizenall," they exclaimed all at once, without even the necessary pause to take breath, after their race up stairs; "you have used us uncommonly ill, to make up these dresses without the Cossack thingumbobs, and the Russian what-de-callums to the shoulders, and the Austrian *t'other things* to the backs, and the Prussian belts, and the deuce knows what beside; for now we hear—and you

must have known at the time, every one is to appear in a sort of uniform upon this grand occasion."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Dizenall, with the most cool indifference; "a knowledge of this heterogeneous garb has not reached me, ladies."

"No!" cried the misses, bursting forth again. "Why then, the uniform to be worn is to have four complete quarters; to be distinctly made in appropriate colours and form, and then to be tastefully joined together by clasps, made like hands grasping in friendship; one quarter Russian, another Austrian, another British, and the fourth Prussian; whilst the head is to be *à la Françoise.*"

"No, no, you foolish chits! I tell you, this is all a mistake," exclaimed their mother, angrily. "Did not your father, Mr. Bull, say—nay, for that matter, swear, it was a mistake; for that Great Britain was to be the head."

"Really, ladies, I can only state again," said the lofty milliner, that I have had no

intimation 'of *motley* being the only wear' on this occasion."

"There now, how vastly aggravating all this is!" exclaimed Mrs. Bull. "Well, if I have not been trotting my horses into a consumption for the last three days, from milliners to milliners, trying to find out which of you has the best information, as to what is to be the go, that I may order the best of my girls' things; but not any two of you can I find in the same story; for you all say, what suits you best—"

"I generally do, ma'am," replied Mrs. Dizenall, her cheeks glowing with indignant ire, and her eyes flashing their angry lightning on poor Mrs. Bull, "and therefore, I request, as my mansion is much out of the way of other milliners, that you no longer consider it in your beat; lest time and space may press too heavily on your horses, ma'am, and precipitate them into a *galloping* consumption;" and now flying to ring a peal, she haughtily and audibly called out:

"Call up Mrs. Bull's carriage. It is

not a hack I believe;" and ere the highly disconcerted mama and daughters had shrunk entirely out of hearing, she continued:

"Never admit those people beyond my plebeian promenade below."

"How lucky we are, my honey," whispered Mrs. O'Dowd to Rosabella, "to be introduced by a fashionable; or we might have been ordered out *sans cérémonie* too."

A very fine, but bold looking young woman, superbly and showily attired, now came strutting in, and gaily nodding her recognizing civility to the high priestess, demanded:

"Dizenall, can you tell me precisely where the grand duchess is?"

Rosabella, smiling expressively at Mrs. O'Dowd, darted an identifying glance at Mrs. Dizenall.

"Because I am positive I saw her just now in the Pulteney Hotel, and Sir Francis is as positive she is gone to Dover:—but enough of that,—tell me, are your fashions arrived from Paris for this week yet? I

am fainting for them; cannot fancy myself decent, or fit to be seen by the divine Alexander, until I am decked *a le Franchwaw;* though Sir Francis says, I am much decenter and *fitterer* to be seen *a la Anglatear.*"

Mrs. O'Dowd, now blushing with alarm, flew to Mrs. Dizenall, energetically to hope, "her adornments were to be Parisian."

"Of the very first order of *haut-ton*, and the first to display them, Madam," replied the now condescending milliner.

"Not the *very first* you deceiving d—l you!" exclaimed the last entered dasher, who then, lowering her tone a little, continued, "Let me but have the very first of the Parisian *high tongs*, and I'll be—— but you shall have every ticket for all the sights that I can help you to."

The tremendous word, which we have omitted, operated like a shock of electricity, sending the recoiling and dismayed Mrs. O'Dowd and Rosabella to the most distant part of the room, followed by Lady Wilemore, after a speculating whisper to

Mrs. Dizenall upon the subject of these promised tickets; and as all their business in this Temple of Fancy was for this period completed, they set out to those shops in Bond Street, patronized by her wily ladyship.

"Ah! now my honey!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, the moment they were seated in the carriage, "can you tell me who that elegantly dressed young creature can be, who thundered out her own anathema so electrifyingly?"

"That," replied Lady Wilemore, "is one of our most celebrated courtezans, whose present *protecteur* is no other than the identical profligate, Sir Francis, to whom that silly juvenile marchioness has sacrificed her fortune and her happiness; and who then stood gaping at this admired creature, wholly unconscious this dashing appendage was part of the establishment set up by her bridegroom upon his wealthy marriage."

"Ah! my now, only think of such profligacy!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, "and

then too, conceive Mrs. Dizenall admitting such a woman."

"I should think," said Rosabella, "Mrs. Dizenall ought to have—as well as a plebeian promenade, one appropriated to such women as this."

"But, my lovely young novice! that would never do," replied her ladyship; "they are amongst our milliners' best customers, and must be treated accordingly for the transient period of their reign; when they must submit to be hurled down to the regions of poverty and contempt. Besides, they have it so much in their power to oblige us nymphs of Diana's train, through the medium of these very milliners, that one cannot pout at meeting them *en passant* in a shop or show room."

"Ah! now my honey! how can they oblige us?" exclaimed the amazed and unsophisticated country gentlewoman, Mrs. O'Dowd.

"Why to galas and public amusements: even where they themselves are excluded, they have frequently the power of ob-

taining tickets, which we then can come by through a *douceur* to the trades-people they oblige with them, sometimes to bribe for longer continued credit, or to delay a blow up until the season terminates."

"My goodness! what a very strange place this London must be!" said Mrs. O'Dowd, by no means satisfied at the idea of seeking amusement through a passport so obtained.

At length the shopping of that morning was terminated, and Rosabella, on her return to Albemarle Street, hastened to detail for Lady Meliora all the wonders she had seen. Scarcely had she finished what these young novices considered intelligence extraordinary, when Mr. Sternham, who had been out wandering about the streets, entered with cheeks flushed by indignation, and with a brow clouded by sullen displeasure; and wholly forgetful of his intention of commencing amiable and lively to fascinate the lovely Rosa, burst out, in his inveterate old growling tones:

"A pretty spot truly, Madam, you have

brought your immaculate charge to! and much-infinite utility it was, my slaving as I have done, to rear them in such spotless purity! for here they are in the very gang-way of ruin. It stares them in the face;—they inhale it in every breath they draw; it hangs like the contagion of pestilence over them; they find it for their footpath, Madam:—it treads upon their heels; it jostles them on the right, and shoulders them on the left, Ma'am."

"For the sake of mercy, Mr. Sternham, explain your direful meaning!" said Lady Derville, pale and trembling with dismay. "Have my dear dear unfortunate boys been trepanned into any fatal snare of vice or villany?"

"Not that I know of, Madam; but all in good time: doubt not such traps await them, when I—I, clothed as I am in the garb of my sacred function, and dignified as I look, could not escape the insults of a harpy;—a wretch too who was doubly disgracing her sex: for she was inebriated in the face of day, and tottering at the [illegible]dles of her barrow, striving to preserve

her equilibrium; and when I started in horror at such a spectacle in a moral country, and raised my hands and eyes, denoting how I was shocked; the beldam, who could not stand, could run, for she darted forward with a shouting laugh of demoniac derision; and ere I was aware such pollution awaited me, she clasped her iniquitous arms around me, and imprinted a defiling kiss of nauseous iniquity upon my abhorring cheek."

"But, my good Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, endeavouring to suppress a smile, "do you not think it judicious, to keep your horrors and disgusts from the observation of the individuals who excite them in a populous city; lest, as in the present instance, it may elicit retort, and perhaps of even a more serious nature?"

"Of a more serious nature! Heaven, Madam! can any thing more serious occur, than to have *me* and *my* cloth so contaminated? But as to concealing my indignation through pusillanimous policy, *my* conscience forbids it, Ma'am."

"Then, your conscience must lead you

about in a monk's cowl, and suffer you neither to see, hear, nor comprehend," replied Mrs. O'Dowd.

"Would to Heaven, Ma'am, that could be the case, whilst my honoured patroness makes her perilous sojourn in this den of temptation; for then I should not be assailed by sights that deal death-wounds to delicacy and good morals; from which my eyes could not take refuge even in a shop window, without the danger of there beholding specimens of alluring deceptive wiles, that libel the magistracy for suffering them to be exhibited; and even when I raised my eyes in horror from such offending sights, what think you Ma'am they rested on?"

"Perhaps a—a—nun, telling her beads." said Mrs. O'Dowd.

"No, Ma'am, no:—but 'An Establishment for Young Ladies,' emblazoned in letters of gold upon a house; and that the very next door to a consecrated chapel, and precisely opposite to a boarding school for girls. Pretty lambs! preparing by example for the slaughter! Alas! alas!

that Hogarth is no longer in existence to portray all this!"

"To portray all what, my dear Sir?" said Lady Derville, scarcely able to repress tears at the dangers thus vehemently represented as awaiting her grandchildren. "I must own—Meliora and Rosa, my dears, leave the room; I request—I must own myself so ignorant, or so innocent, my dear Sir, I know not what is meant by 'An Establishment for Young Ladies.'"

"Good Heavens, Madam! does not the glaring iniquity proclaim itself? An Establishment, Madam, for disseminating every principle but those that ought to be sown in the female heart."

"But if these establishments were such as you conceive them to be, dare they proclaim them openly, Sir?" demanded Mrs. O'Dowd. "Now it rather strikes me, this must be some sort of refined seminary, where orphan girls are boarded under the eye of a proper *chaperon*; where they are awaiting—nay, perhaps, speculating for an eligible matrimonial establishment."

"Tut, tut! no, Ma'am. Any thing po-

lately refined would hoist no board to vulgarize it. Rely on it, Ma'am, if these establishments are not *all* I suspect them to be, they are at least nurseries for rearing victims *for* improper establishments. If not, why assume an ambiguous designation? Why, if they are innocent, not call things by the right name, as a School, or Boarding House?"

Lord Derville and Mr. Monson, who, under the auspices of a *ciceroni* supplied by Mr. Freecastle, had been ranging through London all the morning, now at this moment returned only just in time to dress for dinner, and almost as much disconcerted with the metropolis of England as Mr. Sternham: his lordship's tranquillity ruffled by the exorbitant demands made for every thing; and his brother's, because the pedestrians paid no respect to persons, but shoved and jostled and took the wall of him; and the *shop boys* * attended not to his orders, but in the midst of his directions for

* Shopmen, often so called in Ireland.

things he was bespeaking, would ask some impertinent question of any one entering their shop, relative to the expected illustrious foreigners.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Derville brought information, that the monarchs and heroes—or rather we may say heroes solely, since in this case monarchs and heroes were terms synonymous—had reached Dover; that they would most probably land that evening; and, after taking their repose at Dover, would arrive in the metropolis the following day: and as his lordship further heard, that nearly the whole population of London would pour out upon the Kentish road, to hail and behold the grand procession of coming wonders; he arranged, that himself and party should join the anxious enthusiastic multitude at early dawn.

The distress of poor Mrs. O'Dowd during this evening of expectation, to become initiated in the true knowledge of the exact costume it would be style to receive the monarchs in on the sub-

sequent morning, proved infinite annoyance to Mr. Sternham, but a fund of amusement to Mr. Monson; whose natural disposition, ere it had been affected by disappointment, was strongly marked by arch vivacity.

"Cannot Rosa assist you?" at length Charles demanded; "Rosa, whose exquisite taste attired my sister so judiciously for the jubilee?"

"Ah, no! my honey dear! she could deck me with taste, but not with fashion."

"Then, cannot your great ally, the waiter, aid you? You look surprised at the suggestion; but as you say, 'no one can ever be in any difficulty in London, as there is always some ingenious invention going forward for the instruction of strangers;' therefore I doubt not, if you apply to this aforesaid friend of yours, he will inform you of some publication to initiate you in *stylish costume* for every possible emergency during this illustrious visit: or perhaps, a gazette extraordinary may be published from the Lord Chamberlain's

office to-night, for the important purpose of dressing the ladies."

"Ah my! my honey! I dare say there is now," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, actually ringing the bell to inquire; for although sensible and shrewd upon any other subject, dress was her mania; and in her passion for appearing in proper and "stylish costume" on all important occasions, she was not unfrequently led to the verge of absolute folly.

"Pray, Sir," she demanded, the moment her intelligencer obeyed her summons, "will there be a gazette published to regulate our costume for to-morrow?"

"Oh, dear, no, Madam," the man replied; "there is not going to be a general mourning, you know, Madam, upon a joyful occasion."

"True,—certainly not;—but pray, Sir, have you any idea of what particular style of dress will be adopted to-morrow? Any appropriate *bandeaus?* Any ladies in the house whom you might have chanced to hear arranging any thing upon the subject?"

"No, Madam, I have heard nothing from any lady; but several gentlemen have ordered Blucher whiskers and Platoff mustaches for the occasion. Laurel of course will be generally prevalent, and I—I should suppose, the costume will be such as you would wear at Kensington Gardens, Madam."

Poor Mrs. O'Dowd now wished Kensington Gardens at Moscow, or any where out of the man's head; for she still was as much at a loss as ever; never having been there, she knew not the exact pitch her dress was to be carried to; and not willing to betray her ignorance, she pondered ruefully upon the knotty point, until aroused from her embarrassing meditation by Charles, requesting to know:

"Which she meant to adopt for herself, the Blucher whiskers or Platoff mustaches? since, for the sake of variety, he should assume the other."

Charles asked this question with so much comic seriousness of importance, that even the consequential waiter could not stand its effect, and was compelled to retreat, lest

his broad grin should offend Mrs. O'Dowd, who, too sweet tempered to feel anger at what assailed her own risible faculties, now declared Mrs. Dizenall must extricate her from her perplexity; and accordingly an express was dispatched for "*stylish costume*" to receive the monarchs on the morrow; an order that was instantly complied with, to the high delight of this *amateur* in fashionable drapery.

And through this whole evening Lady Derville felt fully as perplexed as Mrs. O'Dowd had been, but with the accompaniment of extreme distress; since all her fears relative to the possible attachment of Mr. Monson to her *protégée* had found revival. His eulogy of Rosa's taste had been marked by her with terror; terror, which painfully increased, when the tone of asperity struck on her ear, in which he afterwards reminded Mrs. O'Dowd, "that Miss Frederick's elegance of perception had suggested the idea of wearing laurel:—yet she had been unattended to." She had also seen his eyes, expressive of no common interest, frequently turned

in sympathy upon the dejected object of her long cherished apprehension; and above all, she had made the torturing observation, that throughout their long journey, and since their arrival at Mr. Freecastle's, the eye of admiration paid its unequivocal homage to the unobtrusive charms of Rosabella, more exclusively than to her own idol Meliora's dazzling attractions; and now she trembled in dismay, lest that veil she had toiled so indefatigably to shade the charms of Rosa should be now withdrawn, and Charles taught to know, that in her portionless *protégée* were combined all the superlatives he had early determined only to become enamoured of.

However good the heart of Lady Derville was, her temper never had borne so great a proportion of excellence, and for the last few years the documents of Mr. Sternham had not improved it; and now, anxiety for all the mischiefs this introduction of her children to society might bring to bear, with all this painfully revived alarm for the heart of Charles, tinctured

it with an asperity, which had never been perceptible in it before; and when the pang of momentarily increasing jealousy for the attractions of her darling was superadded to all this mental gloom, no wonder that, without compunction, she determined upon our poor heroine's not forming one of the spectators of the coming wonders on the morrow, lest in a stationary sojourn on the Dover road, eulogiums might pass in the hearing of Charles upon her beauty, to call into animated glow his own apparently awakening admiration.

Her ladyship delayed not communicating her alarms, and consequent determination, to Mr. Sternham; who had too many apprehensions of his own, relative to Rosabella, not to add to the terrors of the trembling grandmother; and to confirm her in her resolution of confining our heroine with herself on the morrow.

"And yet, I fear, necessity compels me to act cruelly by so young a creature," said her ladyship, feeling a qualm of compunction stealing from the repository of her kindness, as they had come to their

final decision, that to make Rosabella's deprivation appear a voluntary one, Lady Derville should plead indisposition, as the cause of her not forming one of the party.

"You have no alternative, Madam," Mr. Sternham replied—"either you must be unkind to her in more instances than this one, or your grandson's fortune is marred through life."

To accomplish this arrangement, when the hour of separation for the night approached, Lady Derville proclaimed herself infinitely too much indisposed, to think of encountering the fatigue of forming one of the party, to hail the arrival of the monarchs on the morrow; when, as her ladyship expected, the grateful Rosa instantly announced her determination to remain at home, to be her beloved benefactress's companion and nurse. A voluntary sacrifice, in its mode of offering, and in its effect—on being without one scruple accepted—had influence upon the heart of Mr. Monson, more to awaken apprehension, than any which might have possibly occurred, from those circumstances her

ladyship felt alarmed at; for when he retired to his pillow, the angelic disposition of Rosabella haunted him there; and in regrets destructive to his repose, he murmured at no clew having been spared by the ruthless waves, to trace in positive certainty her family to a noble source; for could that be proved, the want of fortune, or even of that all-surpassing beauty he had determined his wife should be distinguished by, he thought he could readily dispense with, and woo her to become his own.

On the following morning, when our heroine appeared in the breakfast room, with the calm aspect of unruffled sweetness, Charles, affected beyond his every effort to conceal his feelings, impetuously caught her hand with an ardent pressure, that both surprised and alarmed her, and with evident emotion he said—

"This amiable sacrifice ought not to have been accepted. Lady Derville is not ill enough to make it necessary;—and if she is, none of us ought to leave her—But, I think, unkindness to you seems now the system of our house; and now when disap-

pointed of hope of being restored to those, whom nature would teach to cherish you, you doubly claim our tenderest attentions. —Rosa, I see—I read in every line of your intelligent countenance, that you are neither well nor happy."

The affecting kindness of Mr. Monson's manner proved too much for the susceptible feelings of Rosabella, who was promptly compelled to retreat to her own chamber, to conceal her fast flowing tears; and Charles shortly after set out with his party, his head and heart filled with sympathy for Rosa; and thinking infinitely more of her, than of the laurel-crowned heroes he was in expectation of beholding.

For nearly an hour after the flight of Rosabella from the breakfast room, she indulged uninterruptedly in the sad solace of tears, since she had manifold causes for shedding them; for now, to her two severe heart-rending disappointments experienced at Myrtle's Town was added the certainty of Lady Derville (as her suddenly changed manner to her the preceding night fully indicated) having once

more imbibed fearful alarms for the affections of Mr. Monson being entoiled by her: and now most deeply she regretted Mr. Trench and Egremont having deemed it necessary, to fetter her with any promise of secrecy relative to her attachment to the latter, since that, confided now to Lady Derville, would hush for ever all alarms of her awakening.

But Rosabella, never unmindful of the duty she owed to Lady Derville, began at length to abstract her thoughts from her griefs, and to tranquillize her aspect, as the hour approached for Lady Derville's breakfast; and when she met her ladyship and Mr. Sternham, but little trace was visible of those distresses by which her heart was saddened.

Shortly after her breakfast, Lady Derville retiring to write letters of importance home, our poor heroine was consigned to the recreation of a *tête à tête* with Mr. Sternham, who promptly availed himself of this golden opportunity of disclosing his ardent passion to the youthful object who inspired it.

Rosabella was electrified with astonishment, not unblended with fear. She had, of late, not unfrequently formed a transient idea of the mind of her preceptor being in a tottering state; and as the apprehension was now re-awakening, she stole a cautious glance of alarm at him, to discover what his aspect portended; when the smile of tender, all-conquering attractiveness, he flattered himself his countenance wore, gave force to her belief of his insanity. In full conviction that a flight was justifiable, she started from her chair, and fled in dismay to her own chamber, from her astonished and offended suitor; and after a long meditation upon the subject, no doubt remained in her mind of the derangement of Mr. Sternham, when he could make such an unequivocal declaration of love to an individual, to whom irrefragable proofs existed of his bearing the most powerful enmity; and, convinced that she ought not to delay a disclosure to Lady Derville of the dire discovery she had made, that by summoning proper aid fatal consequences might be averted from

himself and those around him, she sought her benefactress, and with every tender precaution to mitigate the shock she conceived she was about to convey, she imparted the proof she fancied she had obtained of her poor preceptor's direful malady; when, to her utter dismay, she found her ladyship's opinions on the subject in no one point coalescing with her own.

Lady Derville, in that retirement her cherished grief for the death of her son first led her into, and which her supine plan of shielding his children from the contagion of vice continued, found herself so completely the Lady Paramount of the little world of her own circumscription; and without either mental or bodily inflictions through the last sixteen years, to give her those salutary lessons that human frailty requires, had imbibed a no small degree of selfishness in her politics, for the establishment of her own views and projects. In this acquired selfishness, her sympathy in the feelings of others had lost a considerable portion of its animation; and now finding, what she firmly believed Mr. Stern-

ham to be, a most inestimable husband for her *protégée*, eager to take her out of the way of impeding an advantageous marriage for Mr. Monson, she bestowed not one thought upon how ungenial, how menacing every misery such a union would prove to poor Rosabella. Instead therefore of deploring the malady, or censuring the folly, which had led to such a declaration, her ladyship pronounced the attachment of Mr. Sternham as one most auspicious for Rosa's happiness, and, as such, having her most hearty wishes for success.

Our heroine, wholly unprepared for such a decision from her benefactress, and with spirits unequal to the shock it conveyed to her bleeding heart, lost her fortitude at once; and bursting into an agony of tears, precipitately retreated to her chamber, there to call her mental faculties to order, to enable her to state her abhorrence to such an union, without offending Lady Derville, or leading her to conjecture any thing relative to her unfortunate attachment.

The evident dismay of Rosabella, on her expressing such unqualified approbation of her chaplain's suit, with her agony of tears and precipitate retreat, presented to the mind of Lady Derville, at one terrific glance, the certainty of her *protégée's* attachment to Mr. Monson, and conviction that she aimed at his heart; and her bosom fast filling with this tide of dismay, ungenial to every softening thought for Rosa's happiness, swept down at once all pity for her tears and anguish. In this moment so hostile to our heroine's cause, Mr. Sternham made his appearance, to whom her ladyship hesitated not to impart the communication her *protégée* had just made of his unexpected declaration; and to assure him, his suit so decidedly met her approbation, that she should use all her influence to promote it; when, after much discussion of this matrimonial sacrifice they were meditating, mutually alarmed lest the impetuosity of Mr. Monson should lead him to his own ruin, and to destroy the hopes of his preserver, should he develope their designs,

they determined upon her ladyship's commanding the silence of her *protégée* to her young friends, upon the subject of Mr. Sternham's passion: a command which her ladyship had soon an opportunity of issuing, upon Rosa's summons to form one of a trio dinner party.

At this dinner, poor Rosabella proved to the firm of the house a most profitable guest; for mental misery furnished her repast: and immediately after the departure of the attendants, Lady Derville's commencing a discussion of the great advantages to accrue to Rosa from a union with her preceptor, did not prove a very palatable dessert for our poor heroine; who was listening with almost the apathy of despair to this renewal of unkindness in her beloved protectress, when the first sensation of gladness her heart had experienced for many hours bounded through it, on the return of her disappointed friends from their useless sojourn upon the Dover road.

CHAPTER VIII.

The disappointment which terminated the anxious expectations of thousands of individuals, assembled on the road to Dover, upon the memorable seventh of June, 1814, by the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia entering the metropolis incog., being too well known to require any detail of it here, we shall merely allude to the circumstance, as connected with the adventures of our Hibernian party upon that day.

Four post-horses whirled the heavy family coach—for a family coach it might literally be pronounced, having been in the use of three generations—to an eligible situation upon Shooter's Hill, where the postilions, unharnessing their steeds, departed for town, to convey some other votaries of curiosity to the field of expected gratification, affirming to Lord Derville, "that they were going to a neighbouring

stable, and should return to convey him home, the moment the monarchs passed."

Even at the early hour our party thus took their patient station, they found numbers arrived before them; and as even the lowest mechanic was clothed in holiday garments, the heart of Charles swelled with pangs of jealousy, at the contrast so forcibly presented to him between this most highly favoured country and his own; whilst Mrs. O'Dowd, eager to pay every possible compliment to English superiority, exultingly exclaimed—

"Ah! see now, how the good sense of the English evinces itself—You perceive none of the lower orders can be called from their industry, even to be viewing such an elegant sight as this day will exhibit.—Not an individual here, you may observe, but what can well afford to lose a day of gain."

"Never do you believe I be going to *vork* a stroke, whilst these here peacemakers *stays*, to show their brave faces"—cried a respectably clothed fellow, who, with a companion, at this precise moment

made a pause at the coach door—"for them there sights are not for us every day, except indeed in pictures."

"No more will I, Jim," replied his companion, "*thof* I hant got more than a three-shilling token in my coffers:—but what argufies that there? I am not the man to baulk my fancy, if so be curosity craves gratification. The pop-shop will supply the needful, whilst these here great *ons* stays; and then, 'tis only working seven days a week, and all will come round agin."

"So I told my vife. Pop avay, girl, says I, to buy bread and milk for them there squallers, and vhat you vill for yourself; for if I starves for it, dang the stroke of work I'll do, as long as there is a sight to be seen."

"There, Mrs. O'Dowd, what think you of that?" exclaimed Charles exultingly.

"Why, that as one swallow makes not a summer, so one drone shall not destroy my hive of industry," she replied in a gay tone, endeavouring to subdue a ray of mortification, she felt pervading her coun-

tenance at this detection of error in her partial judgment.

"My friend Foxcraft, as I live!" exclaimed Lord Derville, opening the coach door and bounding out upon the road, to follow and hail the curricle he saw him indolently lolling in.

In the impetuosity of his alarmed pride, Mr. Monson too bounded out of the carriage, to reconnoitre the person who was with him, and the curricle which contained Mr. Foxcraft; that he might form some judgment of the individual, whom his brother was so prompt in forming an intimacy with; and from his transient observation returned something more reconciled to the man; since his companion was apparently a gentleman, the curricle elegant, attended by two grooms, mounted on matches to the high-mettled steeds in harness; and in this little *sortie*, perceiving every carriage open that was constructed to be so, he gave orders to Terry for unclosing theirs.

"By Jewpitter! but myself is glad of that same," exclaimed Terry, "since it's

game the people are making of our elegant landau, Master Charless; paying it no more respect nor if 'twas one of the upstart new-built ones of yesterday; let alone being in the family longer nor I can tell; calling it a glass coach,* kease the windows are such a noble size. And what if we have more glass in our coach? I'll be bail we have as much timber too, as would be making a dozen of their light flyaway gimcracks. On my safe conscience there was no negurly saving of commodities whin it was built this was; and signs by it, for 'tis not stealing over the ground it sneaks, as if 'twas ashamed it was of those within it; since 'tis the dead might be hearing it, let alone the fut passengers, to whom it gives timely notice of its approach."

As Mr. Monson was a perfect novice in the modes of the day, it never once entered into the calculations of his pride, and intuitive sense of propriety, to mount

* What in England are called glass coaches, are in Ireland termed job coaches.

the same coach box with a domestic; he therefore returned to his seat in the carriage, and shortly after was overpowered with astonishment, on perceiving three very gaily and fashionably dressed females importuning Terry to accommodate them with places on his capacious throne.

Terry, a true born Hibernian, could only feel courteous towards the fair sex; more particularly, as two out of the three who now assailed him were young and pretty; but natural respect to his superiors led him to ask the permission of Mr. Monson, who felt rather at a loss how to act; for although the ladies were attired in the highest degree of expense, and that Mrs. O'Dowd was enchanted with the magnificence of their *costume*, yet, the circumstance of their being thus arrayed, and without protection in even the attendance of a footman, led him to hesitate upon their being proper appendages to be seen about the equipage of Lady Meliora Monson; but ere he could determine upon the nature of his reply, the individuals who had thought it necessary to solicit permis-

sion, deemed it not essential to obtain it; but in the activity of their wishes for accommodation, without further ceremony, mounted to the altitude of their desire; when poor rustic Terry, abashed at the presumption of even standing on the footboard in close contact with such grand ladies, slunk down from such a post of honour, and stationed himself behind.

The moment the oldest of these self-accommodating ladies had seated herself commodiously on the box, she turned to Mr. Monson, and thanked him for his polite acquiescence in her request.—

"An accommodation, Sir," she said, "I should not have been under the unpleasant necessity of requesting from any stranger, only from a distressing accident, and from not observing any equipage of my friends or acquaintance yet arrived; and having already endured the enormously fatiguing walk of a full mile from where the disastrous event occurred, of the splinter-bar of my barouche breaking, through which my coachman and footman were precipitated from the box, and much hurt—

poor men!—which compelled me to leave them with my shattered carriage; and really I found myself so subdued by so unusual an exertion in pedestrianism, that through necessity I was compelled to make my application to you."

This speech, delivered with much fluency and ease of manner, convinced Charles these ladies were gentlewomen; whilst to Mrs. O'Dowd it conveyed more satisfactory intelligence still, in the full conviction of their being *stylish* personages, whom it would be judicious speculation to form an acquaintance with.

The intruders, in their turn, not supposing any acquaintance was desired, commenced their own chit-chat; but in tones so vivaciously loud, all was audible to those in the machinery behind them.

"La! mama," exclaimed the elder daughter, "there goes our dear duchess, and in the new landau. How monstrous glad I am she did not see us here, mounted on charity's accommodation, for she does love to quiz one *s—o* unmercifully."

Mrs. O'Dowd felt now more exulting

conviction, than even before, of the eligibility of that speculation she had thus derived the power of benefitting by; and the younger daughter proclaimed the result of her observation upon a passing curricle, containing a lady and gentleman.

"That's my governess, Ory, I declare."

"La! Louisa, I am sure 'tis no such thing; for, can you imagine she would exhibit with such a *quizzy* personage as that? One that nobody knows; for were he knowable, mama would surely be able to announce him to us."

"You forget, Oriana, that poor Louisa, from being so distressingly short-sighted, often makes these ridiculous mistakes in assorting personages."

Miss Louisa, thus reminded of her malady by mama, raised to her eye a glass, suspended to a massy chain of exquisite workmanship, and gazed affectedly on those around her.

A very fine dashing votary of fashion, mounted on the roof of a passing stage-coach, now recognizing the ladies seated

on our capacious box, instantly performed a rapid descent; and, hastening towards them, skipped upon the foot-board, where, in a most carelessly graceful attitude he stood; and whilst his meeting civilities were passing with his friends, eyed the attractive beauty of Lady Meliora.

"But why so sententious, Miss Howard?" exclaimed this man of *ton*, folding his arms across his bosom, on perceiving the young lady's reply to his, how—do, laconically dry.

"La!" she haughtily replied, "do you think one can evince much cordiality towards an acquaintance, that comes *blurting* off the roof of a Gravesend machine? What must people think of you and us, pray?"

"Why," responded the beau, glancing expressively at the equipage that accommodated them; "why, that we might evince mutual cordiality at meeting. What, I suppose, had I alit from my Lord Mayor's state coach, I should have been received as we parted?"

"No, I abominate Lord Mayors, and

such city odiousness. Why not come in one of your own carriages?"

"Faith, because I had invincible reasons,—but on honour, I meant to bang up, tooling a tandem to please you; but not a tiger had I to fib. A devil of an inopportune execution circumscribed them for the present."

"La! and how cool you take it."

"Use possesses philosophic qualities."

"And you said nothing of it last night in Grosvenor Square."

"Dear me! what will become of my good friend, Lady Lucy?" exclaimed Mrs. Howard.

"Oh! she—she is never out of her way. She judiciously eloped last night with Tom Woburn."

"Oh, lud! when the emperor was expected to-day!" exclaimed Miss Louisa; "How thoughtless!"

"Why, you surely do not think the emperor would have taken her off our hands?—No, Tom was better speculation for all parties; he can marry her, and the ...vy damages we obtain, will permit

my fibbing my tigers again in famous style."

"But when does the marquis marry Lady Sarah?" demanded Miss Howard.

"Ask the emperor. She cannot in possibility name the day until the departure of the sovereigns; for no engagements can be made whilst they remain."

"And when," she demanded with evident anxiety, "does your uncle mean to die?"

"Ask the emperor," he returned, now carelessly patting her cheek with his glove, "since no one can possibly quit the metropolis while the illustrious guests remain in it."

"La, you droll creature!" cried mama and daughters in a breath; "nobody so funny as you are, Dashwood."

Mr. Dashwood now drew out his snuff-box, and offered a participation in his nasal treat to his friends. Mama accepted it, to the great annoyance of the misses, who loudly reprobated such a solace as odious.

"All men of *ton* regale on this delect-

able," exclaimed Mr. Dashwood, "and all fashion's *amateurs* patronize it."

Mrs. O'Dowd looked with commiseration upon poor Charles, for his unfortunate ignorance of *haut-ton;* and resolved upon presenting him with the freedom of Strasburg in a gold box, on the morrow.

"Look!" exclaimed Miss Louisa, staring through her glass after an equestrian, "is not that monstrously like the beautiful horse you called on us upon last week, with the hard name?"

"What, Guadalaxara? Oh! she'll come to the hammer; but I shall buy her in. You will look monstrous well on her, Oriana."

Miss Oriana gave mama's arm an emphatic pinch; and mama almost trod off her daughter's foot, to the great disfiguration of one of Mr. Taylor's most highly finished Oldenburg-green satin boots.

Mr. Monson now proposed to his sister and Mrs. O'Dowd to take a walk up to the summit of the hill, to view the prospect which might be afforded from it

This was the ostensible reason given by Charles for his proposition; whilst the actuating cause arose from observing Mrs. O'Dowd's admiration of Mrs. Howard, and her daughters, and Mr. Dashwood, had arisen to such a height, that she was commencing manœuvres for entering into conversation with them; and as they were wholly unacquainted with their real pretensions to respectability in society, he, for his sister's sake, felt unwilling to appear, even to the strangers around him, as if they were numbered amongst their acquaintance.

From their conversation he believed they lived in the gay world; and in their manners or discourse there was nothing plebeian; yet fully aware, that from the seclusion of his life, he could be no judge of men and manners, he was apprehensive of all not being correct; and thought it judicious to quit the carriage, to convey his sentiments to Mrs. O'Dowd.

Our trio were now proceeding up the hill, and had scarcely arrived half way, when they perceived Lord Derville, seated

in a landau, with his friend Foxcraft, *vis-à-vis* to a most respectable looking woman past the meridian of life, and a beautiful girl, apparently not more than nineteen or twenty years old.

"Ah my! look at that lovely creature, so elegantly stylish in costume," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd. "Who, my honey, can she be? Your brother seems fascinated, and I wonder not at it."

"Do you think her so very beautiful, Charles?" demanded Lady Meliora anxiously. "Did you never see any one to surpass her?"

"Assuredly I have,—Rosa—Rosa infinitely surpasses her."

Lady Meliora, highly mortified at her brother's reply, dropped his arm in a pet; and at the same moment, one of two egregiously foppish footmen, who were lounging by an empty barouche, exclaimed, gazing after a party of ladies going down the hill:

"I say, Tom, this is a d—nd bad lounge; for not one woman worth looking at has turned out this morning. Faith,

the emperor will be scared back by their hidiosity."

"The worse luck ours," replied the other. "But hold, that's your sort!" observing Lady Meliora. "A d—lish nice one this; but cursedly affected. Oh! rot these nodlings and grimaces! they quite deforms her out of my admiration."

"Oh! confound all hairs and haffectations," exclaimed the first speaker, taking a pinch of snuff with a most grotesque air of imitative foppery; whilst Lady Meliora, with her mortification soothed by this compliment to her charms, although accompanied by a censure upon her manner, retook her brother's arm; and, with a renovated smile, finished her excursion from the carriage, through the high gratification of perceiving many a glance of admiration levelled at her fair self.

CHAPTER IX.

Lady Meliora, upon endeavouring to show her blaze of charms to all around, had the mortification to perceive the seat of her grandmother's carriage was too low, and the leathern machinery that surmounted their heads, too exalted, for her conveniently to effect her purpose; so that all which remained in her power to realize her wishes, was, ever and anon to stand up and admire the scenery, or to gaze for the approach of the expected monarchs.

It was in one of these often repeated temporary uncloudings of the blazing sun of her charms, that she beheld the attention of Mr. Dashwood riveted upon her; and shortly after she saw him descend from his station by Miss Howard, and manœuvre himself into an earnest conference with Terry; when her ladyship's vanity, in high exultation, instantly set down the name of Dashwood on the

long tablet she had mentally prepared for enrolling her captives.

"Dear mama," Miss Louisa suddenly exclaimed; "what has thrown you into this brown study?"

"Why indeed, my dear, the overthrow of our carriage; since I fear it has consigned us to the luxury of walking home."

"La! mama, surely you cannot think papa, when he learns what has occurred, would lurch us? He will borrow some friend's carriage; or at least, dispatch a hackney drag to convey us home."

"A hackney drag!" exclaimed Miss Oriana. "I am sure wild horses shall not drag me into one."

"It will probably be dark then," said Mrs. Howard; "when no one will be able to recognise you in so unsuitable a vehicle."

At length the murmur of disappointment began to burst forth, and the report to be in rapid circulation, of the emperor and king having passed long since unobserved; but this report, rapidly as it spread when once in circulation, was slow

in acquiring belief, until corroborating circumstances obtained for it new proselytes; and when eventually the angry and disappointed multitude were convinced they had been *hoaxed;* and that murmuring throngs began to bend their sullen course homeward, numberless were the bitter revilings and innumerable comparisons drawn at this unkindness.

"G—d bless our dear old king!" cried one man energetically, as he passed Lady Derville's yet stationary landau — for which no horses had yet appeared—"he, would not have served a pauper so."

"I'll be ——," cried another; "but I knows as how it must be actionable, and we haves the law on our side; and we can make them smoke—that is, some one as has the rino to fee them there lawyers: —but zounds! 'tis a national insult, and goverment ought to take it up, for having its true and loyal subjects drawn from their occupations, to be made fools on in this here manner."

"I'll not patronize none of their commodities," exclaimed an angry little man,

advancing with his two daughters hanging on his arms. "I'll burn nothing but oil in my ware *ouse*, lest I should consume any of their cursed tallow."

"Rot me," cried another of the same irritated party, "if my *vife* ever shall wear another bit of their trumpery fur; not so much as a cat-skin, set in case her fingers drops off with the chillblains."

"And I'll be burnt alive for a conjurer," exclaimed the most enraged of this indignant groupe, "if ever I stops to see a bear dance agin, lest it might be a Russian one."

Just at this period the post horses arrived for Lady Derville's carriage, and Mr. Monson, resolute in his determination of not offering a conveyance in it to Mrs. and the Miss Howards, went off to seek his brother; and scarcely had he departed, when a man drove a chaise-cart up to the side of the coach, exclaiming as he pulled his horse in:

"Oh! Mustress, I has been seeking high and low for you on the hill this hour; and only for Muss Whezer's squeaking

woice, dang the one I should ha found of you this here night."

The highly disconcerted Misses affected to scream with horror at the vehicle he had brought for them; and indignantly desired to know, "if he could imagine they would enter such a vulgar machine?"

"To be sure I *does*," cried the fellow sturdily. "*Wulgar* machine indeed! I thinks its well for you to have so decent a one to ride home in."

"Of course Daniel could procure no other for us, my dears, in the great demand for them; or he would not have attempted to bring it," exclaimed Mrs. Howard.

"Not have attempted to bring it!!" repeated Daniel. "Why sure! What the d—l high *vind* is blowing now? Does it hail maggots?"

"No, Daniel, no; it was very right and proper you should bring it, since you could take nothing better into requisition for us," said Mrs. Howard soothingly to Daniel; and then lowering her voice to an audible whisper, continued: "I must hu-

mour him, my loves, since I perceive he is inebriated; and should we irritate him, he may overturn us. You know, dears, he is a most worthy creature, although he sometimes tipples; and having lived butler in your father's family for nearly half a century, he conceives himself privileged to speak his sentiments freely. But, my dears, we must hasten to make our acknowledgments to these ladies, for their kind accommodation through the day. Oh! I rejoice to see the gentleman is returned, that we may offer our *remercimens* to him; and then hasten, whilst we have light, to establish ourselves in this awkward machine. Pray how are we to perform our entrance? at the back or front? Are we to sit or stand, or how? Take care, my poor loves, and do not tremble so, or look so dismayed, at the unusual situation you are placed in. Ah! when you have lived so many years as I have done, you will laugh at such annoying events. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I shall absolutely die of risibility at Dashwood's rueful countenance, and your tearful eyes,

Oriana! What would Mr. Ho-ard say was he to behold us now? Ha, ha, ha! I do declare, I would give fifty guineas, Oriana Ho-ard, that your papa could just get one peep at us in this machine."

"You would—would you, upon your conscience, Mistress?" exclaimed a Paddy from Cork, who, attracted by Terry's brogue, had been hovering about the carriage all the day. "Why then yourself must be selling and buying more wardrobes than ever rested on a peg in Plunket Street*, ere you can afford to do that same."

The tax-cart now rolled away, Mrs. and the Miss Howards graciously kissing their hands, and Mr. Dashwood profoundly bowing to their kind accommodators, when Charles, through a resistless impulse of curiosity, inquired of Paddy, if he knew those persons.

"Plase your honour," he replied, that's "the Duchess of Monmouth, and the princesses her daughters, just broke loose

* The old clothes street of Dublin.

from a boording school. Is it a Saint Giles's man wouldn't be knowing his neighbours? Sure, your honour, it was the *inixprissible* part of my garment myself bought at the father's shop, in the heart of Monmouth Street; but as for the duchess, her court is in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, where she has her drawing-rooms—for selling the cast off clothes of the quality."

"It cannot be possible;" her manners denote nothing *canaille*," said Charles, shuddering in alarm at the possibility of having suffered such degradation.

"Oh! faith your honour, 'twas second-hand airs, as well as second-hand clothes, yourself was in company with this blessed day; the one she got gratis from my lady, the other she purchased from my lady's woman; for sure she was waiting-maid to the grandest of ladies all the life of her, till the childer began to grow up, whin the *walley de sham*, her husband, tuck to this business wid herself, in which they coin the needful, it is said; and never dress—that is, the madam and her daugh-

ters, but in the cast-offs of the quality; and after they show off at the park, or the play, or the opera, a jiffy in them, then, success to their conscience! they impose them on would-be grandees, as just piping hot from some great duchess's wardrobe."

"And who is the man?" demanded the indignant Charles.

"Why, the butler your honour, 'who has lived half a century in your *Dada's* family, my dears,' is no more nor the barker, that tramps before the shop all the blessed day, crying, 'walk in gimin, walk in.'"

"I mean the person who was with them the whole day."

"*Och!* sorrow one of him do I know, your honour. He is no neighbour, else I'd be telling yez."

Charles, after evincing his liberality for Paddy's ready intelligence, entered the carriage, and whilst waiting for Lord Derville, informed Mrs. O'Dowd who the persons were, she had narrowly escaped forming an acquaintance with.

"Ah!. now, my honey," she replied,

" would you believe the testimony of an Irish renegado, against the conviction of your own senses? Their dress, their manners, their conversation, are all incontestable proofs of their being of the very first order of *haut-ton*."

" Their dress," replied Charles, " you hear, is the left off drapery of caprice and extravagance; their manners, acquired from being in constant attendance for years upon females of high rank; and their knowledge of what is passing in the world, we may readily imagine, gleaned from the confidential servants Mrs. Ho-ard traffics with."

" I will not believe it," said Mrs. O'Dowd. " I'll consult my visiting book the moment I get home, and confute this scandalous fabrication by showing you their residence marked down in Grosvenor Square."

Lord Derville now joined his long deserted party, high in raptures with the individuals he just had parted from.

" I never passed such a delightful day," he said. " Foxcraft kindly introduced

me to his friend Mr. Van Trompe, a great Dutch merchant, who then did me the honour of presenting me to his fascinating ward, Miss Vandelure, and Mrs. Allworthy, under whose care she is placed in Bryanstone Square—a lady of high respectability and talent, who introduces young ladies of large fortune, who have lost maternal protection, into the first circles—I was invited to partake of their most elegant collation at the Star and Garter, where we were joined by some more of the *belles* of Mrs. Allworthy's establishment; and a most delectable day we had altogether; and Mrs. Allworthy having given me an invitation to her house, and Mr. Van Trompe—who is unluckily on the wing for Holland, or he would have invited me to Finsbury Square, where Foxcraft says he lives in the first style—said, 'he hoped I would call on his ward;' so that I shall have an opportunity of effecting your introduction, Charles, to some famous fortunes."

"Oh, hang your fortunes!" Charles replied. "What are their connections?

Will they prove appropriate garlands to decorate our lofty genealogical tree?"

"Give me but golden branches," replied his lordship, "and I care not from what root they spring."

Charles sighed as he thought, could the root be traced from which Rosabella sprung, he should prefer the lovely blossoms of her sweetness and virtues, to all the golden branches wealth might glitter with.

The Black-Heath party complained of fatigue, for the purpose of effecting an early retreat to their pillows, for all had themes for anxious meditation; nor were the trio who had been left on the home station devoid of contemplative subjects.

Mrs. O'Dowd, on experiencing the mortification of not finding the name of Howard amongst the Grosvenor Square inhabitants, although she consoled her disappointment with the firm belief of their residing there in some relative's mansion, yet could not stand the ludicrous portrait drawn by Mr. Monson of her eagerness

for the acquaintance of personages who wheeled off in a cart; and was therefore anxious to get out of the way of his sarcastic delineations.

Lady Meliora wished for the sanctuary of her chamber, that she might revel in the triumph of proclaiming the conquest she had indubitably made of Mr. Dashwood, who, however the Howards might turn out—was, to an absolute certainty, she felt conviction, a perfect gentleman; and although, by his own frank confessions, a ruined one, that circumstance to her was of no importance; "for she should wed Lord Montalbert, and the taste of a ruined man was just as refined as that of a prosperous one."

"But, ah! Rosa," she said, after an elaborate account of this new made captive; "why do I bestow one straying thought upon any conquest I have made, except that of Lord Montalbert's heart? for I am miserable in absence from him; and shall have no peace, no comfort, until he returns from that odious Paris;—— for, alas! he has allowed business to draw him to that

frivolous city, since Charles saw his name in the list of arrivals at *Dieppe*, in yesterday's papers;—nor indeed, until his dire suspense is terminated relative to my affections."

"My dear Meliora," said Rosabella, "let not, I implore you, any romantic fancies twine themselves into your attachment to his lordship, to increase this partiality only to make you wretched, should any thing intervene to the prevention of your union. Do not, I entreat you, believe the incertitude he endures is direful to him, or he would have contrived to make some effort for its termination. Be assured men are not patient sufferers in cases where they have power to seek their own remedy."

"Pshaw! Rosa, Charles has infected you with his disagreeable scepticism," replied Lady Meliora haughtily. "What should you know of love, and therefore what right have you, pray, to give an opinion upon the subject?"

"Certainly none, unasked; and I acknowledge it was presumption in me, Lady

Meliora, to take so great a liberty; but anxiety for your happiness led me to forget the distance between us," faltered out poor Rosabella, whom the dire pang sent to her heart by the sentence " what should you know of love?" had so completely unstrung, and the petulance with which it was uttered had so wounded, that she became unable to proceed; and, totally subdued by conflicting feelings, she burst into tears.

The tears of Rosabella never fell but when her heart was affected; they consequently ever awakened the sympathy of those who loved her, and therefore took prompt effect upon the susceptibility of Lady Meliora, who flew to her friend in penitence, and clasping her to her bosom, implored her pardon.

A tender, forgiving kiss was all the reply the poor afflicted Rosa could make; for the tones of affection, after a day of much trial and unkindness, vibrated too meltingly upon feelings so acute as hers were; and, whilst she now convulsively sobbed upon the bosom of her friend,

Lady Meliora, from contact with her feverish hand, and from perception of her almost paralyzed agitation, began to fear the assertion of Charles was too true, and that Rosabella was neither well nor happy. And now, as she affectionately soothed, and inquired into the ailments of her friend, our poor heroine, interdicted from the consolation of sympathy through confidence, was compelled to a vigorous struggle with her feelings, to suppress her tears and compose her aspect, to lull the apprehensions, and terminate the inquiries of the anxious Meliora; who, soon comforted, when the cause of alarm no longer appeared, retired to her pillow to dream of Lord Montalbert; whilst Rosa's aching head sunk on hers, assured there was no repose for her; since the form of Egremont, in his death-resembling swoon, with the stern countenance of her sadly altered benefactress, stood like direful spectres before her vision, forbidding sleep.

Lord Derville had been anxious to retire, for the purpose of meditating upon the signal favour of fortune, which seemed

to expand to him with every promise of wealth and love combined, could he but succeed in winning the beautiful and accomplished heiress, to whom his friend Foxcraft had so kindly introduced him; whilst Mr. Monson wished for an early separation, to call his heart to order through the influence of his pride, for the melting tenderness it was daring to mingle in the interest it experienced, the sympathy it felt for the dejection, and evidently increasing ill health of the deserted child of unknown parents.

CHAPTER X.

ALTHOUGH our Hibernian party had complained of much fatigue at the hour of separation for the night, they yet assembled the following morning in their breakfast room, at the time they had been accustomed to take the first meal of the day at Ravenswood; but as the machinery of the hotel was not in readiness for such an unexpectedly early repast, Lord Derville proposed leading his sister and Rosabella to the cheap marts for the purchase of many articles of female adornment, which Mr. Foxcraft had given him directions to for their use; since that was the very hour to rove about on economic purposes, when none were in the streets to recognize them.

"It was singular," said Mr. Monson, "that this bargain-monger should have so opportunely sprung out of the earth on Shooter's Hill, when you left him so

few days since, slowly pacing his pedestrian course through Wales."

"Oh! as to that," replied Lord Derville, "he relinquished his pedestrian plan the very day after we parted, on meeting with his friend Van Trompe, on his way from surveying an estate he is about to purchase in the principality for his ward; whose fortune, already two hundred thousand pounds, funded property, he expects shortly to swell into half a million on visiting Holland, to recover the immense portion of wealth she is unquestionably heiress to."

The moment Lady Derville perceived Mr. Monson was preparing to join the party of bargain-hunters, she promptly formed an excuse for Rosabella's not accompanying them; and, although Lady Meliora rebelled at this decision, her grandmother remained inexorable.

"And pray, ma'am, may I ask," demanded Lady Meliora, pouting, "what she is to be detained at home for?"

"To sit for her portrait to Mr. Sternham," said Mr. Monson sarcastically,

"whose eyes I have lately observed betraying much anxiety to make himself master of the subject."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Lady Derville, now almost breathless with alarm, by this evident detection of his preceptor's passion, so indicative of strong interest in himself for Rosabella. "I want her to write some letters for me to O'Lurcher and Mrs. Jellybrand."

"Then I will stay and aid her," replied Charles. "She shall write upon the household affairs to dame Jellybrand; and I to O'Lurcher; since we cannot permit her committing the indecorum of addressing a naughty man, who, we all know, wished his good and notable wife in Elysium for her sake."

"Charles," said Lady Derville angrily; "I insist upon your accompanying your brother and sister; nay, I command you to it."

"Command!" repeated Mr. Monson, blushing with indignation; when, beholding the pale cheeks and quivering lips of the painfully alarmed Rosabella, a suspicion

darted into his imagination of a something being in agitation inimical to her peace; and now, all inspirations of his lofty pride yielding to his apprehensions for her happiness, he instantly resolved not to go without Rosa; accordingly, changing his tone from *hauteur* to playfulness, he reiterated:

"Command! Ah, ha! my Lady Dowager, have I found you out? Have I discovered your slippery tricks, most sanctimonious grandmama? And so, Madam, the moment you get rid of us, you are going to frisk out with your demure confidant, Miss Rosabella, to St. George's church, to bestow your fair hand upon the happy Mr. Sternham. Ay, ay, the sly looks I have lately seen you interchanging were not for nothing."

"Oh, ho! my Lady *Sly*ville," exclaimed Lady Meliora and Lord Derville, flying to their grandmother, and patting her crimsoned cheeks: "so, this accounts for your early rising this morning; and, I declare, for having such a smart white ribbon in your cap."

Charles, well aware that one of the leading features of his grandmother's mind was a strong feeling of prudery, which had ever led her to shrink in horror from the suspicion of her meditating the indecorum of a second marriage; more especially any one degrading to her years and rank; believed the chord, that he now vibrated, likely to harmonize with his wishes: and soon he had the gratification of perceiving the indignant bloom mantling her ladyship's cheeks propitious to his hopes; her head elevating in offended dignity; and in a moment more, whilst scornfully putting aside the hands of her playful grandchildren, she haughtily said:

"Since such is the degrading opinion you have formed of your grandmother, Mr. Monson, and you too, Lord Derville, and Lady Meliora,—you soon shall have conviction, that apology is necessary for daring to suspect me of so debasing a project. Take my confidant and my intended bridegroom with you, and disappoint my contemptible plans,—my disgraceful arrangements for this day at least.

Nay, I insist upon it—I command it. Mr. Monson, summon my intended *caro sposo* to attend you, and relieve yourself from this flattering apprehension for this day at least."

"I will anticipate my kiss of congratulation first," exclaimed Charles, playfully snatching kisses from her averted cheek; when just at that moment Mr. Sternham made his appearance, whom Lady Derville instantly requested to join the pedestrians about to sally forth.

Mr. Sternham, on finding that Rosabella was to form one of the party, hesitated not to grant his prompt acquiescence to her ladyship's request, although the preceding day he had vehemently declared, "nothing short of impelling might should force him to walk out in that immoral metropolis; or induce him to lead an innocent being to ruin, by the contamination of pacing through it."

"Lord Derville and Mr. Monson will of course take care of their sister, as Mrs. O'Dowd declines joining this party," said Lady Derville; "my *protégée* there-

fore falls to your especial care, Mr. Sternham; and, as she certainly appears not in perfect health, I shall feel much obliged, if you will particularly attend to her."

"So, so," thought Charles, "the dowager is in alarm about the hearts of her grandsons, and sends out this dragon to guard the Hesperian fruit; but she had best beware not to awaken interest by reverting to ill health, or creating sympathy for unkindness; lest she arouse a second Hercules; if not to slay, at least to remove the dragon and obtain the prize."

"Come, Miss Rosa, you are my particular charge," said Mr. Sternham the moment they entered the street, and offering her his arm.

"Sir, if you please," said our recoiling heroine, "Meliora and I will walk together."

"That is inadmissible, Miss Frederick," he responded haughtily. "Two young attractive ladies to walk the streets together without evident protection, would

be rather a breach of propriety;—besides, the laws of gallantry forbid it; and you are my prize by the decree of your liege sovereign."

In obedience to that liege sovereign Rosabella took his offered arm without further effort to avoid it; but the recoiling misery her countenance expressed as she did so was not lost upon Mr. Monson, who instantly felt conviction of his surmises being just, relative to his preceptor's preposterous attachment,—that Lady Derville approved of it,—and that persecution upon the hateful subject was the cause of Rosabella's flown cheerfulness and altered aspect.

The introduction of pity and indignation into such an ardent disposition as Mr. Monson's, were dangerous auxiliaries to that passion Lady Derville most apprehended should find shelter in his bosom; which his pride, and want of encouragement from Rosa, had alone kept as a hovering propensity: and he now pensively retraced the footsteps of Mr. Sternham, making observations upon every

movement of his head, as he turned to gaze on his lovely companion, or in eager expectation of reply to what he was earnestly addressing to her. Whilst Charles was thus employed, scarcely could his impetuous temper submit to the control of reason, or respect to his preceptor's years and function; for strongly he felt inclined each succeeding moment, as his indignation augmented on beholding Rosa recoiling from addresses, that he ardently wished every interdict removed to his paying her himself,—to snatch her arm from her ungenial lover, and encircle it round his own.

At length, by aid of a map of London, from which his lordship had drawn his line of march, Lord Derville arrived at one of those courts of Europe, which Mr. Foxcraft recommended this young noble to visit. Into this his lordship led his sister, and at the moment he did so, a book-stall at the entrance of the court attracted the attention of Mr. Sternham, even from his beloved: for on it he beheld a volume of his own

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[illegible]

from her ungenial suitor; "we must not thus fly from him, or Lady Derville will never—no, never pardon me."

"If he is your sanctioned—your accepted lover, *Miss Frederick*, *Mr. Monson* will instantly restore you to him, with proper apologies for daring to suppose you could feel more happy in separation from him."

"You cannot, Mr. Monson, conceive him my sanctioned lover, or indeed, my lover at all," replied Rosabella, in conformity with her benefactress's command, not to betray his passion to her young friends.

"The latter I most assuredly do, since his own presuming glances proclaim it to all around him:—but ere he emerges from his passion at the bookseller's and follows you, I implore you, tell me, is not my infatuated grandmother rendering you miserable by her sanction to his hateful suit, and persecutes you to accept him?"

"Charles," replied Rosabella with visible emotion; "spare me questions I can-

not reply to with candour; and spare, I implore you, my grateful heart the pang of hearing even the supposition, that my beloved benefactress could aid in making the child of her bounty miserable; or could persecute a being for whom she has evinced a tender attachment."

"Yet, I see, I feel, I can divine my supposition is just; and therefore it is in vain you evade an answer to my question."

At this moment they arrived at the shop where Lady Meliora was to make some of her cheap purchases to please her elder brother; although her heart panted for the *éclat* of dealing at the most extravagant houses in town—at one of which, through the recommendation of her Dublin milliner, her court dress for presentation had been ordered; and all the time these purchases were making, no Mr. Sternham appeared, to the no small alarm of Rosabella, who doubted not his having returned to Albemarle Street, to awaken the displeasure of Lady Derville against Charles and herself.

The purchases of Lady Meliora for her-

self and Rosa at length were made, when they returned to the hotel, where they found Mr. Sternham had arrived before them; and had, as Rosabella mentally anticipated, highly irritated her benefactress against her.

"Miss Frederick," her ladyship exclaimed, the moment Rosa appeared. "I find you most *repectfully* and *decorously* ran away from that protection I placed you under. Upon my word, the young ladies of the present period have good courage, and are tolerable adepts in the arts of speculating coquetry: but sometimes they may play too deep a game, and overreach themselves."

The timid spirit of Rosabella, now made more susceptible by griefs that preyed upon her heart, was at once subdued by the voice of such unmerited unkindness. Ever to have replied with any thing but submission to reproof from her protectress, her gratitude would have recoiled in horror from; but now, her only reply was tears, when worlds she would have given to fly from the room to effect their con-

cealment; but that she feared would seem indicative of disrespect to her revered reprover; and yet, to stay in tears, after such a palpable allusion to the object of her implied speculations, would appear as if she shed them to awaken the pity of Mr. Monson; and this idea once suggested to her delicacy, she strove with all her mental powers—and they were mighty in the cause—to rally her firmness, and combat successfully with her feelings.

But she might now weep on without an effort at ceasing, since the effect she dreaded would be ascribed to her tears had instantaneously operated; and Charles at that moment knew not which was most predominant, his interest for Rosa, indignation at Mr. Sternham's representations, or displeasure against Lady Derville for believing them. Casting glances on all, expressive of his feelings, he stood irresolute which to address first; but the part of a comforter seemed the most resistless, and he flew to Rosabella, and snatched her hand into his sympathizing grasp, in the same instant that his sister

clasped her beloved friend to her commiserating bosom.

"What!" exclaimed Lady Derville, "and do my own grandchildren combine against me, and thus openly countenance an ingrate I have such just cause at this moment to be displeased with?"

"We openly countenance a dear girl, who is unjustly accused of acting with impropriety and disrespect to you, grandmama," said Lady Meliora, casting an indignant look at the scowling Mr. Sternham.

"Madam," said Charles haughtily; "You must allow me to set you right, relative to a circumstance which has been maliciously represented to you.—Mr. Sternham, preferring an angry attack upon an unoffending book-vender, to the protection of Miss Frederick, which your ladyship so impressively assigned him, threw the hand of Miss Frederick most uncourteously from his arm; and surely, neither your ladyship nor the irascible gentleman himself, could suppose me so very a savage, as

to allow her to stand patiently waiting in the street, to be buffeted and stared at by the passing multitude, in humble expectation of the restoration of that protection, which had been so unceremoniously withdrawn from her. The court I led Miss Frederick into, to join my brother and sister, after she was thus degradingly thrown off, was as open to Mr. Sternham as to me; who, had he been anxious to prove himself worthy of the sacred trust your ladyship honoured him with, would eagerly have followed us to apologize—if that were possible—for his reprehensible dereliction; and to regain from me that charge I found it incumbent upon me to undertake, when it was thrown to the mercy of the passing multitude."

"As clear a case as ever was pleaded at any bar of judgment," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd gaily; "and eager am I, my most eloquent honey, for the prompt decision of jury and judge, that we may on to execution at the breakfast table: for I am pitiably hungry. Come, the

charge was made with animation,—the defence ably advocated. Are any witnesses to be called? Mortimer Earl Derville, and Lady Meliora Monson, come into court; and being sworn, quickly depose, that I, as sapient jury, may give my verdict; that the venerable judge may promptly pass sentence. Here, kiss this roll of the staff of life, and swear by its pithy contents, 'if Rosabella Frederick absolutely ran away from the protection of the Reverend Thornby Sternham, under the undue influence of that brilliant spark the Honourable Charles Monson?"

"It matters not, Madam," said Mr. Sternham, pale with rage, "your troubling yourself upon the subject; since what one of the party affirms the rest will swear to."

"Have a care, Sir," exclaimed Charles, sternly, "how you again give utterance to such insulting language; for as your sacred profession shields you from hostile measures, I can only premise the same

house shall not contain you and me, if it is repeated. But now, Mrs. O'Dowd, let us turn to a more pleasing business, and commence our long protracted breakfast."

had he disappeared, when he rushed back to announce, " that another scout had brought information, that all the illustrious foreigners were going in state to Westminster Abbey, to hear a *Te Deum* sung for peace;" and ere he could give utterance to his advice, immediately to set out for the Abbey, Counsellor Silverfee rushed in with intelligence of all the heroes being, to an absolute certainty, engaged to a superbe *déjeûné* at twelve o'clock, at Warwick House; and ere there was time to decide, if Warwick Street was the most promising point of attraction, the man of politeness, without fee or reward, but from self-applause, in the consciousness of acting genteely, entered, to proclaim Carlton House the concentration of curiosity for that morning, as the Prince Regent was to have a Levee.

But scarcely was this intelligence delivered, when Oracle from new authority announced, " that to an absolute certainty, the whole of the illustrious foreign party would set out in grand procession, at eleven o'clock, to pay their compliments

Madam! to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens."

"Ah, my! only think now," Mrs. O'Dowd exclaimed; "had I been metamorphosed for some of my wild Irish pranks, by some sylvan despot, into a tree in that park or garden, I should have seen those wonders.—But, sir," turning to her Delphic oracle, "where will I go this morning, that I will have a possible chance of seeing these foreign wonders?"

"Really, madam," he consequentially replied, "I cannot just yet tell you; but we have had eleven scouts of our own out, and Sir Squander Strewgold six, since seven o'clock this morning, dispatched to various parts of the town to obtain authentic intelligence from persons in office, Madam, of where the monarchs can be seen to the best advantage; and the moment, madam, these messengers return, you may depend upon having immediate intimation of the information they bring."

Instantly Mrs. O'Dowd presented him

with a two pound bank note, as a retaining fee for intelligence; which one of the waiters in attendance upon the breakfast party perceiving, thought he might as well lay claim to a reward too, and advancing to her, flippantly said:

"Madam, I just heard from a brother of the wife of the particular friend of the first clerk of the soap-boiler, who supplies the laundress, who washes for one of the Prince Regent's pages, that on the arrival of some of the foreign *suite* yesterday at St. James's, they declined the grand dinner prepared for them, and desired to have beefsteaks and porter; which, madam, I thinks was wastly ungenteel for wisitors to object to what the wisited arranged for them; more especially what a prince prowided for them."

At this moment the feed oracle reentered.

"Madam," he said, "our first scout has just returned; and if you wish to see the emperor pass from his chamber to the drawing-rooms in the Pulteney Hotel, tickets are delivering at the bar."

"Send and secure tickets for us, cost what they will," exclaimed the overjoyed Mrs. O'Dowd.

At this moment, another waiter, who had heard of Mrs. O'Dowd's liberality, rushed in.

"Oh! Madam," he cried, "another messenger has returned with intelligence, that the emperor is to hand the Grand-duchess down the grand staircase to her carriage, precisely at one o'clock, at Cumberland House; and tickets are issuing for the sight at the Lord Chamberlain's office."

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. O'Dowd, "this is a better thing still! Pray, sir," to her oracle, "procure us tickets," and then put some silver tokens of her liberality into the hands of this important intelligencer:—but Oracle, not pleased at this trespass upon his ground of emolument, announced, "that any tickets from the Lord Chamberlain's office could only be procured through interest, and therefore he feared nothing could be done; but he would go and inquire:" and, scarcely

had he disappeared, when he rushed back to announce, " that another scout had brought information, that all the illustrious foreigners were going in state to Westminster Abbey, to hear a *Te Deum* sung for peace;" and ere he could give utterance to his advice, immediately to set out for the Abbey, Counsellor Silverfee rushed in with intelligence of all the heroes being, to an absolute certainty, engaged to a superbe *déjeûné* at twelve o'clock, at Warwick House; and ere there was time to decide, if Warwick Street was the most promising point of attraction, the man of politeness, without fee or reward, but from self-applause, in the consciousness of acting genteely, entered, to proclaim Carlton House the concentration of curiosity for that morning, as the Prince Regent was to have a Levee.

But scarcely was this intelligence delivered, when Oracle from new authority announced, " that to an absolute certainty, the whole of the illustrious foreign party would set out in grand procession, at eleven o'clock, to pay their compliments

can you inform us where that *somewhere* ought to be?"

"I am so happy as to have it in my power to tell you that; and to prove your escort as well as guide: and indeed, I came thus early for the pleasing purpose of being useful," Lady Wilemore replied. "The emperor and king are to pay their respects to Her Majesty at Buckingham House, and then to proceed down the Mall to Carlton House, therefore St. James's Park is the only place in the world to be in; and as my carriage has the privilege of passing through it, I can take as many as it can accommodate. Lady Derville, you will do me the honour of accompanying me, I trust."

Lady Derville, too much chagrined to find her spirits equal to the undertaking, excused herself.

"Dear me! I am vastly sorry," said her speculating ladyship; who meant, she was vastly glad: "however, I trust Lady Meliora will do me the honour of accompanying Mrs. O'Dowd, my niece Miss

Standard, who is waiting in my carriage, —and me, with—let me see how many I can accommodate. We must have the escort of all the gentlemen. No attempting any thing upon such occasions without protecting beaux, and therefore ——"

"Rosabella promptly perceiving Lady Wilemore was manœuvring to leave her at home, and not having intended to accompany the party out that morning, lest she should increase her beloved benefactress's alarms relative to Mr. Monson; instantly relieved Lady Wilemore from any further effort for her exclusion.

"And I too am sorry to say, I am compelled to the necessity of excusing myself from attendance upon your ladyship," said Lord Derville; "since I unfortunately formed an engagement yesterday that cannot be broken through, as it is to claim the promise of a lady to sing for me, at two o'clock to day, in Bryanstone Square."

"What! Miss Vandelure!" exclaimed Lady Wilemore with quickness.

"The same," his lordship answered, blushing.

"See, how well I guessed! for she is the absolute rage at present. The men are wild about her; because they say, 'she is the greatest beauty, and the most accomplished creature of the age.' But I say, 'it is because she has the best stored coffers of the age.' There is a nephew of mine wooing her with all his might, and not without good hopes of success; for he is the handsomest and wildest fellow about town; and he and I are perpetually sparring about which it is, her fascination of person or wealth, that has captivated him and all mankind."

"Lord Derville blushed more deeply still; and, not in the least relishing this intelligence, determined to fly to his friend Foxcraft the moment the party set out for the park, to question him relative to this alarming nephew of Lady Wilemore's.

Lady Wilemore at length pronounced it time to set out to secure a good station; and the still sullen Mr. Sternham attempt-

ed to excuse himself from accompanying the party, when Lord Derville through pity to poor Rosabella, for whom he feared some very unpleasant lecture was in store—pronounced, that one gentleman would be insufficient to take care of so many ladies, were they compelled to quit their carriage and walk through any crowd; but even this incentive to go, Mr. Sternham would have resisted, had not his patroness, alarmed at the suggestion that her idol Meliora might require protection, made it a point with him to comply.

The moment the party set out for St. James's Park, Lord Derville flew off to seek Mr. Foxcraft; when Lady Derville declared her intention, since her coach was at the door, of going accompanied by her own maid, to take an airing in Hyde Park.

Tears from the surcharged heart of Rosabella, started to her eloquent eyes, on hearing this decision of her benefactress, so indicative of high displeasure; but the observation of those starting tears seemed to subdue a little the anger of her

ladyship, who, ere Mrs. Dermot had obeyed her summons, said:

"If you choose to honour me with your company, Miss Frederick, I shall not take Dermot with me:—but I do not ask you, ma'am, to sacrifice your time to me, lest my society should prove as irksome to you as the worthy Mr. Sternham's did this morning."

"My dear, dear Lady Derville," Rosa exclaimed, "how can you believe such terrible things of me? Surely you, under whose fostering care I was reared, ought to know my heart better; ought to know it incapable of any thing but reverence to your wishes."

"If this is true, Miss Frederick, why do you not give me conviction of your sincerity, and lull my torturing apprehensions at once, by giving that due encouragement, that proper attention to the suit of Mr. Sternham it well merits?"

"Alas! Madam," replied Rosabella, "and is the total wreck of my earthly happiness necessary to remove your apprehensions of my duplicity? And must I

wed a man my heart recoils from, to convince you I am not artfully and ungratefully manœuvring for Mr. Monson's ruin?"

"Your language is rather too energetic, Miss Frederick: but in less forcible terms I acknowledge, that your marriage with Mr. Sternham can alone restore my opinion of you to its once exalted height."

"Alas! then, Madam," replied the heart-wrung Rosa, "by that means it can never be restored. But, surely, surely, my benefactress, there must exist some other means less decisive in the destruction of my happiness to annihilate your apprehensions. My banishment to any spot upon the surface of the globe, except the habitation of Mrs. Deborah Sternham, I am ready to accede to, for the restoration of your peace:—but do not, my dear, my maternally dear and kind protectress!—do not require the full sacrifice of my earthly happiness, to lull your apprehensions of Mr. Monson's degrading himself by an attachment to the nameless dependent upon your benevolence. Oh!

Lady Derville, could my heart's every thought become manifest to you this moment; could *all* its sentiments, and its most inmost secrets be revealed to you, then you would find you have nothing to apprehend from my machinations."

"Child!" responded Lady Derville, melted a little from her inflexibility, "I require no sacrifice of earthly happiness from you. I wish to establish you in a respectable style, as a happy wife to an estimable man."

"A happy wife to Mr. Sternham! Oh! Lady Derville!" Rosa articulated, raising her expressive eyes with mournful eloquence, and fixing them with a touching appeal upon her benefactress.

"I own, Rosabella, I did not expect this romantic folly, this childish contumacy from you," said her ladyship; "but although I drop the subject for this day, in pity to your present puerile reluctance, be assured, I will not relinquish my strenuous exertions to persuade you into happiness, by becoming the wife of a worthy man: whilst as to Mr. Monson, if he ever

forms a matrimonial alliance without my express approbation, I will never see him more;—will never receive his wife: and although I will not be so unchristian as to utter my malediction upon their heads, I will never gild their wedded path by even my *dying benediction.*

"For Mr. Monson's sake I trust," said Rosa impressively, "no cause may ever arise to lead to the performance of such a determination as this; but me it can never affect, since ——— Oh! Lady Derville, that my heart could be laid open to your scrutiny, and then you would believe it can never affect me."

At this moment Dermot entered with her ladyship's pelisse, when Lady Derville desiring our heroine to go and equip herself for accompanying her, Rosa instantly withdrew in compliance; and with her tearful eyes bent to the ground, to prevent all whom she might encounter on the way from perceiving she had been weeping, she made no observation of a man who emerged from an apartment she passed on her way to her chamber; who started

on beholding her, and became stationary to gaze, as long as she remained in view; then hastened to make inquiry in the house: "If there was any family from Ireland in the hotel? who they were? and if they were likely to remain any time in their present abode?" and, upon having all these interrogatories replied to, he returned to his apartment in evident discomposure; and in the course of half an hour departed bag and baggage, leaving no trace of him behind.

Rosabella, pensive and sad, accompanied Lady Derville; when, during their airing, her ladyship, not true to her promise, frequently reverted to Mr. Sternham's suit: therefore comfortless and unsalutary to poor Rosabella proved the excursion; nor were the causes which made it so,—in the suspended kindness and affection of her benefactress—likely to be decreased, when on their return, as they were driving through Piccadilly, Lady Derville was attracted by a lady and gentleman in an open carriage, gazing intently at Rosa

as they passed, and uttering exclamations of the most decided admiration.

"The carriage of Lady Derville also was open, therefore there was no impediment to view or sound; and her ladyship had the mortification to hear these decided and enthusiastic admirers of her *protégée* hailed and proclaimed by the surrounding multitude—assembled for the purpose of beholding them—as the Emperor Alexander and the Duchess of Oldenburg.

"Surely, beauty in Russia must be wholly unlike what is estimated in this country!" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone that forcibly proclaimed how powerfully the admiration of those illustrious personages had operated to the discomposure of her temper.

"Indeed," said Rosa calmly, whilst her cheeks were mantled with the bright blush of natural pleasure, of which her vanity was not insensible, although her reason taught her to lament such admiration had been audible—"Indeed, I believe the

estimation of beauty varies its form in every country."

"Therefore no woman need plume herself in gratified vanity, on the admiration of a foreigner," replied her ladyship.

"Until taste can find some criterion to decide its infallibility by, the admiration of no one individual need cause a plume of vanity to expand in exultation," returned Rosa, in tones expressive only of acquiescence.

They shortly after reached their hotel, where they found the tickets of Lady Flowerdew for all the ladies of our Hibernian party, on whom her ladyship had personally called.

CHAPTER XII.

DINNER had been ordered at a very late hour, but still it was kept waiting an immensity of time, before the party under the auspices of Lady Wilemore returned, weary, disappointed, and consequently, not quite in the altitude of cheerful spirits.

After placing themselves in an excellent situation in St. James's Park, the wonder arising, that no stationary crowd was assembled there, induced Lady Wilemore to send an inquiry to the queen's house, when information was returned, "her majesty was not to hold her court until five o'clock; but at that present moment, the emperor was holding his court at Cumberland-House, and when that terminated, the Prince Regent and Platoff, with a grand procession, were to proceed on foot to Clarence-House, to wait on the King of Prussia."

Immediately our party became wild to

behold this procession; and Lady Wilemore gave orders to her coachman, to go into the stable-yard.—But into the stable-yard they could not penetrate a horse's hoof, the throng of persons and carriages was so immense; and all that was effected by the attempt was an entanglement with other carriages making a similar effort, and for the impetuous Charles to spring out of Lady Wilemore's landau, to drag a coachman off his box, who, by the command of the ladies to whom he was charioteer—"to push on, and not mind the people"—had dashed in amongst the multitude, to the peril of many lives.

Half a dozen sturdy fellows had arrested the progress of the horses, and Charles from his commanding height, instantly succeeded in wresting the coachman from his seat, to the great dismay and voluble fury of the four personages within the barouche he drove.

The surrounding multitude now began to cheer this exploit of the intrepid Charles, which had set the oral faculty of the humane creatures annoyed by it

into vociferous motion; when their insolent charioteer, encouraged by them to further daring, raised his whip over the the head of Mr. Monson, whose pride and spirit not brooking such an indignity, without pausing to reflect if the law of the land was upon his side or not, he wrested the whip from the aggressor, on whose back he laid it, with a dexterity and effect, that made the air soon resound with the cries and execrations of the chastised, the railing of his shrill abettors, and the acclamations of the spectators, who swore the chastiser was a noble hero, and the chastised a dastardly coward, to let a youth trim him, who in athletic power might have coped with any noted pugilist of the day.

Charles possessed no vindictive, although an impetuous spirit: having achieved the power of punishing a culprit, his zest for it soon evaporated; and ceasing his infliction, he threw the whip up on the box, and spinning the offender round, bade him go solicit the pardon of his fellow

beings, whose lives he had so mercilessly menaced.

"You are no gentleman!—no gentleman! nothing but a poltroon! a cowardly low fellow!" exclaimed the vixen, to whom this inhuman assassin was coachman, standing up in her barouche, "or you would not have assaulted my coachman in such an outrageous manner, when you saw I had no male protector in the carriage with me.

"From the orders, madam, you so audibly gave your miscreant,—'to push on, and not mind the people,'—" said Charles, "I naturally conceived, the individual, whose bosom contained the heart of a hyena, could require no male protection: —for had you,—you would not have so forfeited every claim to it."

"Insolent, as cowardly!" exclaimed the shrew, echoed by the three furies, her companions.—"Oh! I only wish I knew who you are, that either my husband or son might call you out, or chastise you, according to your station."

"Would, most gentle creature! it were always in my power, so readily to realise the wishes of the softer sex!" Charles replied, bowing in mock reverence, as he handed her his card; which she snatched, with an uncourteous energy, corresponding with her whole display of conduct; when he retreated to the landau of Lady Wilemore, attended by a new burst of cheering.

Mr. Monson found his sister in tears, awakened by alarm for him; Mrs. O'Dowd trembling in terror, at his impetuous rashness; Mr. Sternham looking the chilling apathy of his heart, that could feel no interest for a being who had mortally offended him; whilst Lady Wilemore held forth in his praise, and Miss Standard, (a rather pretty, fashionable looking woman, of five-and-twenty) sat totally silent, but with marked attention observing the affray.

"Well," exclaimed her ladyship, after Charles apologised, for having so abruptly quitted his party, for such a hostile purpose,—"Well, as you are safe, I quite ex-

ult in one belonging to me having performed such a praise-worthy and heroic exploit.—Indeed, could pedestrians find such champions as Mr. Monson, in times of peril, many a fair lady would venture into the streets, who now trembles at the danger of it.—Well might the multitude hail you, as their deliverer!—And here has been your lovely sister, spoiling her refulgent eyes, weeping all the time you were performing your gallant exploit; whilst every other young female eye, I doubt not, that was riveted upon you, was leading their hearts to a prompt surrender. Eh! what say you Alinda? you, who are ready to kneel down and worship valour, what say you? I saw you vastly attentive, and I know you are so careless about passing events, that nothing but intense admiration ever elicits and fixes your attention.—But Mr. Monson, valiant as I see you are, I must advise you, as a friend, not to bestow your affections on that dove-like looking lady there; since it is strongly suspected she is secretly in love with the unconquered Wellington.—But jesting a-

part, she really looks upon valour so indispensable in the recommendation of a man to her favour, that she absolutely, when she was only fifteen, refused a baron of immense wealth, and young, and handsome too, because his lordship had declined a challenge upon the plea of conscience."

"As she was only fifteen, we may excuse her for so young an exploit," said Mrs. O'Dowd; "but as we have all passed that very juvenile period of *excusability*, we cannot be excused if we forget the purpose that brought us from home: so my dear Lady Honey, pray order your people to try and get us into the scene of action, by some other avenue."

Her ladyship immediately complied, and they proceeded by the Horse-Guards, Charing Cross, &c., into Pall Mall; but on arriving near St. James's, they became so entangled with other carriages, they could not proceed.

"Disappointment upon disappointment," exclaimed Lady Wilemore, "like poor Lady Scareman's projects for her unsaleables!"

"What are Lady Scareman's unsaleables, my honey?" demanded Mrs. O'Dowd.

"Why, her three hundred and sixty five daughters, whom she has been presenting for sale, at every husband mart in the United Kingdom, for the last century, but without success. I do declare, had I been she, I should have procured a dark room, as crafty linen-drapers do, to deceive the opticks, and have put them up to public auction long ago, and have had done with it: since nothing can be so annoying, as hawking about girls who do'nt take, year after year. A *chaperon* must feel so awkward, so mortified, so heartless, so consciously foolish, knowing her efforts will still prove fruitless. Well, I trust, when my girls spring up, I shall not have such a humiliating gauntlet to run with them; since I have been spoiled for a patient drudge of a *chaperon*; as all my nieces, who have been introduced in town, have married off like wild-fire; no sooner seen than snapped up; and all, I really believe, because they were so care-

less about whether they captivated or not. All of them subscribing in opinion with me, that if it is your fate to be married, the husband will come to hand you to the altar, even from the most impenetrable shade of retirement. But as to Alinda, I really believe she fancies her *caro sposo* is to emanate out of some old book-worm; since she is studying for improvement evermore; I conclude to form herself into a rational companion for a man of intellect, when the attractive bloom of youth shall have passed away."

"My dear madam!" exclaimed Miss Standard, placing a pretty white hand before the mouth of her voluble aunt, "I importune you, cease to talk thus of me, or I must jump out of the carriage."

"Well, well," replied Lady Wilemore, "since I must not proceed on my hobby-horse, as my favourite niece's *prôneur*, I shall employ the muse of Mr. Monson, to compose an Ode to Humility, to be dedicated to her, who is above praise.—Pray are you a poet, Mr. Monson?"

"I once attempted an elegy, upon the

untimely fate of a robin, to please Miss Frederick and my sister," Charles replied: "and my success certainly bid fair to rival Miss Oldboy's *, who ingeniously contrived 'love and joy' for rhyme.—I think my happier effort was 'tomb and weep,' as my harmony of assimilating consonants."

"Well then, we must apply to your brother for the Ode, since all young peers now are poets."

"I fear," said Lady Meliora, smiling, "that would only be verifying an old adage, that tells of a lengthened journey terminating in worse fare."

"Then perhaps you are a musician, though not a poet, Mr. Monson?" said Lady Wilemore.

"Although no musician, I am enthusiastically fond of good music; particularly vocal," he replied.

"Oh then, Alinda shall delight you!"

"Dear, Ma'am!" exclaimed Miss Standard, "that is very injudicious; and I must

* Lionel and Clarissa.

say, rather—I do not know well what term to give it!—but certainly, very alarming to me; since, after your eulogy, I shall never find courage to sing or play before Mr. Monson."

"Nonsense, child! you, who have been pronounced a perfect musician, a perfect Syren, by the very first professors;—but, you are so shockingly timid! you have imbibed so humble an opinion of your own certainly great merits, that you never show yourself off to advantage like other girls."

No effort of Lady Wilemore's coachman to get into the Stableyard, proving successful, their patience at length became exhausted, and all with rueful looks at each other demanded, "what better could be done, than sitting there like simpletons?"

"I think," said Lady Wilemore, "our only plan now is, to make the best of our way to the Pulteney Hotel; and if we cannot procure admission to see the Emperor in the house, station ourselves opposite the windows, where no doubt he and the Duchess will appear."

To the Pulteney Hotel the carriage now was ordered, and as they drove up St. James's Street, Lady Wilemore cried out—

"Look! look! Alinda, at your poor inamorato, your Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance!"

"Dear Lady Wilemore!" returned Miss Standard, "you have given the poor man an appellation, which does not belong to him, that of being any one's inamorato, but his own; and as to the other, I really think it does not suit him either; but indeed I am so stupid, as seldom to discover much aptitude in any *sobriquet*."

"Oh! I know you reprobate all nicknames: and I am sure you, of all people, have no cause to quarrel with them:—now has she, Mr. Monson? You must know, her father, Prebendary of ——, is not the eldest brother; so none of his daughters having a right to the appellation of Miss Standard, and the christian names of his three girls being rather puzzlingly similar —Malinda, Olinda, and Alinda, it was difficult to distinguish them; so, at length, it was agreed *nem. con.* by the city of ——,

to call the eldest who was quite a *bel-esprit*, 'the Standard of Wit,' the second, who is exquisitely formed, 'the Standard of Symmetry,' and this unassuming, creep-mouse girl here, 'the Standard of Perfection.'—Now, I say, Mr. Monson, has she any reason to complain?"

"Certainly not:" Charles gallantly replied, "nor after this, can Miss Standard surely affirm with sincerity, 'that she can see no aptitude in any *sobriquet*.'"

"That was politely said, Mr. Monson;" the Standard of Perfection now mildly murmured out, with an embarrassed air, betraying carefully that her sensitive bashfulness was pained; "but, surely, I cannot pride myself upon the too partial appellation, adjudged to me by friends and neighbours, who, knowing me intimately from my very infancy, became parentally blind to all my failings."

Mr. Monson was about to make that obvious response, the self-eulogy of the fair daughter of Humility pointed out; but on that instant, the carriage stopping, through compulsion, near the end of Dover

Street in Piccadilly, he was deputed by all, to make his way up to the Pulteney Hotel, since the carriage could not, and learn there, what could be done: but shortly he returned from thence, with the mortifying intelligence, "that even he, singly, could not penetrate his way into the Hotel; that a standing for the carriage out of the public line of movement, was equally impossible; but that he had learned, the Emperor had returned, and it was rumoured would shortly proceed to Saint Paul's, ere he attended her majesty's court."

"What say you to a flight to Saint Pauls?" said Lady Wilemore, "where we must find room."

This plan meeting the approbation of all, they proceeded to Saint Paul's, where, with many a fellow sufferer, disappointment awaited them; in consequence of her majesty's drawing-room interfering with the intended imperial visit to this fine structure; when Lady Wilemore proposed an attempt to get a view of them, entering or emerging from Buckingham

House; but, luckless in all their efforts for the gratification of their curiosity that day, by the time they arrived in the Park, the illustrious strangers had left her majesty's court, and were gone to pay their compliments to the Princess Charlotte; and, by the time they made their much impeded way to Warwick Street, the *ignis fatuus* royals were safely lodged for dinner at Carlton House.

"Well then, perforce we must relinquish our vexatious pursuit," said Lady Wilemore; "and, after leaving our kind companions in fatigue and suffering in Albemarle Street, Alinda, you and I must travel home, and e'en content ourselves with the light beverage of tea for our repast, since I am certain possibility of dining will be at an end, as I requested Sir Gilbert not to wait for us; and the moment attendance on him was over, I doubt not Madam *Cookey*, and all, were off to view, or, at least, I mean, to seek the wonders."

This was too direct an appeal to the hospitality of Mr. Monson, to permit his

national propensity to allow him to disregard it; and he politely made his request that her ladyship and Miss Standard would honour them with their company at dinner. A request, to which her ladyship most graciously acceded, to the no great satisfaction of the inviter, since he was already weary of the perpetual praises of the Standard of Perfection; however, after a few moments of chagrin, he derived a sudden beam of consolation through recollection, that the presence of strangers must suspend the persecution of poor Rosabella, by restraining the insufferable wooing of her presumptuous suitor.

Dinner was announced immediately after the arrival of the royalty hunters; and their various disappointments formed the conversation not only before, but after they assembled at table; and, as Rosabella perceived Lady Derville persevered in a profound silence upon their superior good fortune of encountering those they were not seeking, she too, in conformity with this implied wish of her benefactress, was wholly silent upon the subject; but not

so apt at taking his cue from the taciturnity of his lady was poor Terry, who had been in attendance upon her when she met the emperor and his sister; for, upon observing neither Lady Derville, nor her *protégée*, boasted of their good luck, whilst patiently listening to so much lamentation upon the disappointments of the day, he became unwilling to lose what he mentally termed "his own *crow* over them;" and, upon one most piteous murmur of Mrs. O'Dowd's, he tapped her on the shoulder, thinking "an Irish *sarvant boy* might as lawfully take the liberty of talking to her upon the subject, which seemed to monopolize her very soul, as a parcel of *spalpeen* English waiters.

"Ah! then, Mistress O'Dowd," said he, significantly nodding his head—"had yourself, ma'am, been in the right place, instid of ranting like a crazy woman from post to pillar, as if 'twas a will-o-the-wisp yourselves were seeking; you would have just had as elegant a sight, neatly come unexpectedly upon you, as my lady, Miss Rosa,

and myself, and, good luck to us! ma'am, had."

"Ah! my! Terry!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, in alarm, fearing she knew not what of more confirmed ill-luck in her party—"you do not—cannot mean that Lady Derville, Miss Frederick, and you, saw any thing?"

"Why, then, that's what we did! and success to ourselves!—we saw two things, the likes of which we never *seen* before—a live emperor, and a grand duchess, coming from the Museum; but sorrow crown had they on their heads at all at all, ma'am: not even the crown of a hat had he; for that was off, to be making his obeisance to the shouting mob: nor so much, ma'am, as a mayor's mace, or a ball in their hands, had they; as the limners in my country paint royalty with: those playthings, they have to regale themselves with; and the dickens a thing could myself see about him, no more nor about any other pleasant-looking gentleman; and, as to her, 'twas for all the world like

a flour scoop she had on for a bonnet, only 'twasn't tin; why, 'twas twice't as grand a duchess we left in the castle of Dublin."

"It is not possible!" exclaimed Lady Meliora, "that you, grandmama, and Rosa saw the emperor and his sister, and not tell us of your good fortune!"

"We certainly saw two personages, whom the surrounding multitude hailed as the Emperor Alexander and his sister," replied Lady Derville, in a tone that evidently betrayed she was disconcerted, "but having no nomenclator near, whom we could depend on, I forbore to boast of good fortune, that was so very doubtful."

"What think you, Rosa?" said Mrs. O'Dowd, "have you, or not, seen these wonders? come speak, my honey! was it the imperial pair, that I may stab you through envy?"

"Such a menace as that must keep me silent;" responded the blushing Rosabella, mentally wishing the emperor safe at St. Petersburg.

"Ah! then, now miss, why can't you

be telling Mistress O'Dowd, at once't, of our luck?" exclaimed Terry, quite incensed at Rosa's not vaunting of her good fortune. "Upon my safe conscience! miss, you don't desarve your luck, whin you take it so ungratefully!—sure yourself seen him, whin we stopped to look, enter the Powlteney Hotel; and sure, miss, you heard the shout, and seen the head uncovered of every man or mortal, and seen the rail emperor—that is, if you looked back, as myself done—enter the balcony, and bow to the kit below, that were hula-balooing their respect to him; and faith, he seen you, Miss Rosa, for he stared well at you, and calt you 'angelic beauty!'"

At this moment the dismayed Lady Derville, having devised an excuse, sent Terry out of the room; but soon her trembling apprehension whispered, that the mischief she dreaded from his communication had been effected, when she beheld the eyes of Mr. Monson, sparkling with animated rapture, riveted on Rosabella.

Lady Wilemore, who, our reader must

already have perceived, had predetermined Mr. Monson for the capture of the Standard of Perfection, never ceased through the whole evening manœuvring for that purpose; whilst Charles, unaccustomed to the lures of designers, or the wiles of a speculating *chaperon*, amazed and amused by what he at once developed to be snares for his heart, attended to her as a study of character, as devotedly as the increasing impulsion within him to attend only to Rosabella would admit of; whilst the all perfect Alinda, thoroughly satisfied with her aunt's plan for her,—this being her fifth successless season in town, therefore feeling conviction that she must condescend to accept a younger brother, had only power to aim at insinuating herself into his good graces, by affecting to disclaim the praises of her *too* partial aunt; as she could display none of her captivating accomplishments, since here were no musical instruments—no waltzing.

Lord Derville, who had dined with his friend Foxcraft at the hospitable board of Mrs. Allworthy, after successfully escort-

ing Miss Vandelure to behold the wonders of the Stableyard, did not return to Albemarle-street until after Lady Wilemore's carriage had been announced; when Mrs. O'Dowd, not yet exhausted by her innumerable inquiries for intelligence relative to the movements of those she panted to behold, and, in a state of agonizing incertitude upon where she had better determine to go on the morrow, for a chance of gratifying her curiosity, eagerly flew to his lordship for information and advice.

"Why," replied Lord Derville, "as these seem to proclaim themselves but *ignes fatui*, I advise your procuring a certain station for to-morrow in the Pulteney Hotel, where I am engaged to attend a party of ladies."

Mrs. O'Dowd, now all wild impatience to procure the tickets that would ensure the gratification of her wishes, determined instantly to send for them. Lady Derville made no objection to Lady Meliora's accompanying her and Lady Wilemore; as Miss Standard, she saw, stood little chance of captivating Mr. Monson, and, relative

to the rich game Lord Derville had in view, her aunt had been set quite at ease by the testimony of Lady Wilemore; and, upon a waiter being summoned to go for tickets, it became necessary to ascertain the number required; when Lady Derville said, that as Miss Frederick and herself had seen the wonders the Pulteney Hotel contained, they of course would not undergo the unnecessary fatigue of accompanying them.

"And I, for my part," said Mr. Sternham, "have business of the utmost importance to transact; and, therefore, I must forego the honor of attending the party."

The eyes of Charles flashed fiery rays, and his cheeks proclaimed the indignation his bosom swelled with; when Lady Derville, clearly seeing that he would be irritated into some rash violence, if Mr. Sternham remained at home with Rosabella, now suspicion had entered his mind relative to his preceptor's passion, made it her request to her chaplain to postpone his business to the preceding day, as she

should feel uncomfortable if only one protector attended the party.

Arrangements now were made for the hour of meeting the succeeding morning, and Lady Wilemore and her Standard of Perfection hastened their departure, to communicate to each other the apprehensions they had mutually imbibed of Mr. Monson's sentiments relative to Rosabella.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHILST at breakfast the subsequent morning, Mrs. O'Dowd lamented exceedingly, that they were still compelled, by their royal chase, to the rudeness of not returning Lady Flowerdew's visit; and, in her hope of inducing Lady Derville to perform this necessary ceremony, she announced her belief of Lady Flowerdew being of course on the imperial pursuit; and, therefore, if they could have called, they should have had no delay but to leave their tickets.

"Since you think her ladyship is not likely to be at home," said Lady Derville, "Rosabella can go, and pay the visit for us all; that is, if you can spare your carriage to convey her, as mine will be in requisition to take me to Richmond, to see an old friend of mine and Lady Anne Belmont's; who being a great valetudinarian, I cannot take Rosa, or any stranger

with me; and with whom I want to have a great deal of private conversation relative to the bishop and Lady Anne, with whom she constantly corresponds."

Rosabella sighed at finding she was not to accompany her benefactress to this friend of the Bishop of —— and Lady Anne Belmont; since her heart panted to learn every thing relative to them, as eagerly as Lady Derville's could; but now, knowing herself too much out of favour, she dared not venture to petition for a revocation of the decree for her exclusion.

"I can spare my carriage mighty well, my honey!" said Mrs. O'Dowd, "as we go our short drive in Lady Wilemore's; so what hour will I order it for our young proxy?"

This point being arranged, Rosa inquired, "If Lady Flowerdew, contrary to expectation, should be at home, and admit her, what she was, in that case, to do?"

Do!" replied Mrs. O'Dowd: "why, my blushing honey! make our apologies for nonappearance, by recounting our en-

gagements; and then make yourself as agreeable as you can."

Punctual to the appointed hour, Lady Wilemore and the Standard of Perfection arrived, and the party set out for the Pulteney Hotel; and, until the coach of Lady Derville was announced, to take her ladyship and Mrs. Dermot to Richmond, poor Rosabella was tortured by the hateful theme of Mr. Sternham's suit.

The departure of Lady Derville for Richmond at length left poor Rosabella, for the first time since she quitted Myrtle's town, to the uninterrupted indulgence of her tears for various sorrows; and, after yielding relief to her bursting heart by this assuasive, she called up all the powers of her mind to endue her with unmurmuring submission to the dispensations of the unerring Ruler of the Universe. Eager to preserve that firmness thus inspired, she determined to seek employment as the surest means, and, having before no opportunity afforded to her of addressing Mrs. Gore, she hastened now to write a letter of grateful acknowledg-

ment for all the kindness, friendship, and attention, she had experienced at Myrtle Lodge from Captain and Mrs. Gore; and another of the same tendency to the first friend of her insulation Mrs. Kilbride. Scarcely had she completed her two epistles, and made herself ready for the possibility of appearing before Lady Flowerdew, when Mrs. O'Dowd's carriage was announced; and in it she had only just proceeded into Grafton Street, when her vehicle suddenly stopped, the door was opened, the step rapidly let down, and, to the utter dismay of Rosabella, Mr. Monson springing in, seated himself by her, when the carriage moved slowly on.

"Oh, Charles!" she exclaimed, "how could you serve me so? How could you leave the post assigned you by Lady Derville, and lead her to believe that I—I, at least, approve of your doing things that cannot please her?"

"Indeed, dear Rosa," he replied, "whatever you may be, I certainly acknowledge myself in no disposition to *do* things *to please* her; for is not her cruel and un-

justifiable project to sacrifice you to a being, who is any thing but congenial to you; just to spare her bosom a little pang of alarm, lest I should become the most enviable of mankind? Come come, dear Rosa, turn not so pale—look not so dismayed! nor do not chide me; for well you know contradiction will avail nothing with me: but I importune you to listen patiently to me, although it is upon a point, which is not yet one of certainty.

"From my earliest days, Rosa, I have been celebrated for characteristic bluntness by my own relatives; whilst you have flattered this propensity to unvarnished truth in me, by terming it, in the more refined elegance of your ideas, 'ingenuousness;' and having often bestowed your eulogiums on it, you will not, cannot, now feel offended with me, for uttering my sentiments in the same strain."

"Oh! certainly not," replied the trembling Rosabella; "if you gave them utterance in a less objectionable situation:—but here, clandestinely, as if—as if the

interview was stolen by mutual consent, to deceive my benefactress."

"Well Rosa, and on my part I acknowledge it is stolen; and that I have taken every precaution to prevent her knowing it. And why? not through a spirit of disobedience or deceit; but because no other opportunity could I find for an uninterrupted conference with you; and now, as I have achieved the little less than miraculous exploit of obtaining a *tête à tête* with you,—which must prove a short one, since the moment you draw near Lord Flowerdew's house, I must quit my station by you—I implore you not to interrupt me, whilst I state to you all that I am anxious you should know.

"From my earliest recollection of you, Rosabella, your conduct has been one unbroken line of excellence, so that my admiring approbation has ever been your steady attendant; as long as this recollection has held you on its tablet, you have been the rival of my sister in my fraternal affection; and had it not been for that incessant information dinned into

my ears by Lady Derville—whom until a short time since I considered infallible in judgment—that you could bear no competition with Meliora, in either mental or personal endowment, you would even in infancy, I now feel full conviction, have ranked before her in my estimation.

" As you advanced to maturity, the same plans were continued to keep my brother and myself in the hoodwinked belief of Lady Derville's policy, that no pretensions to superiority of attractions were yours; and, from the incertitude of untried judgment, slumbering away its exercise in the lap of inaction, I beheld only with the optics supplied by her; but the moment I was liberated from seclusion and beheld other women, I saw indeed, that none resembled you; and now that I observe that the admiration you every where awaken is spontaneous, my eyes are opened to behold you as the most lovely of your sex; whilst my heart whispers an interest for you more tender than a brother's heart could throb with:—and yet,

Rosa, my doom is unsealed. I am not yet in love: but, on the verge of this tremendous precipice I find myself, and one encouraging smile from you would lead me headlong down.

"But, Rosa, I ask not, I wish not, I seek not for that encouragement; and without it, my proud heart I feel could never become irretrievably devoted even to you, all excellent and lovely as you are: but circumstanced as we both are, I would not woo your smiles, although secure of success crowning my efforts with the blessing of your tenderness; for, situated as you are, it would tarnish the brilliancy of your excellence, clandestinely to encourage my suit; and could mine be love —love in truth and honour,—love, such as Rosa must inspire, if I could wish for my own gratification to degrade you in the opinion of the estimable? And, situated as I am, without a profession to give me the consequence of usefulness, or yield me means to support the wife—whom, if Rosabella, I should adore—the off-

spring I might be blessed with, in that style my invincible pride could only brook to see them, could I dare to wed?

"I have now frankly acknowledged to you, Rosa, that the arrow is in the bow, and that the god of love only pauses for encouragement from you, ere he sends the shaft to its station; and have also acknowledged, that I will not woo for your smiles, whilst you are dependent upon Lady Derville, nor whilst I am degraded in my own eyes, and in those of mankind, by the inutility of my existence. And now I have only to add, that these confessions have merely been made to lull your apprehensions of the mischief my grandmother believes has entered my bosom, and which will lead my impetuous spirit on to ruin, unless she kindly consigns you to misery in the arms of a caitiff, who persuades her to believe all things as he states them. But little, little do either of them know me! Where I alone am in question, certainly I do give the impetuosity of my nature full power to govern me: but where those whom the tenderness of my

heart rests upon can be affected by my conduct, they will find I can be as wary, as deliberate, as circumspect as even Mr. Sternham.

"You now know, dear Rosa, how prudent I can be in even this my first approach to love: that I can determine to forbear my suit until a more auspicious season; and the knowledge of this will give you more determined courage to resist the arbitrary importunities of Lady Derville; will show you there exists no cause for sacrificing your happiness on the shrine of duty, in order to lull her apprehensions relative to me. But yet remember, Rosa, although I can forbear at the command of propriety for you, and prudence for us both, that I will not bear to see you the wife of Sternham; and therefore, should you be trepanned by the toils of Lady Derville and her wily adviser, into yielding your consent to sacrifice yourself for the destruction of my hopes,—and, as my grandmother's plea will be, to save me from ruin in an imprudent union,—expect to see my present forbearance vanish at once,

and the impetuosity of my spirit become my fiery guide; and then they shall find, that if, successless in love, I cannot tear you from his arms to take shelter in mine, still as a brother I will interfere and snatch you from him, even though my bonds of amity with Lady Derville may be broken for ever."

At the express desire of Mr. Monson, Rosabella had remained silent during his long address; but she had not been an unmoved hearer; for whilst he spoke her emotion had been extreme, and when he came to his close, the kindness he evinced for her happiness would have melted her to tears, had not the mandate of her reason repressed them;—for Charles had acknowledged himself at the verge of love's precipice, and it was not for her, through the softening lure of tears, to lead him on.

As, through the now more than ever lamented interdiction of Mr. Trench and Egremont, Rosabella could not intimate the partiality her bosom cherished, all she could do for the discouragement of

this awakening passion in Mr. Monson was, to assure him that her situation as the benevolently sheltered *protégée* of his excellent grandmother had placed as invincible a barrier to a respondent sentiment of tenderness in her bosom for him, as if her heart and hand were plighted to another; and this assurance she gave him with the impressive energy of one firm in the path of duty, but with all the gentleness of feminine grace, and with all the sensibility for him her grateful heart inspired. Knowing their time for conference was circumscribed, she was as concise in her reply, as the force she wished her arguments to bear would admit of; yet in it she failed not to introduce those powerful allusions to her insulation, her ignorance of what respectability her birth could claim, that she doubted not would touch the pride of Charles: but, although he was charmed by the sentiments which inspired her arguments, he would not promise to subscribe to their influence in the total annihilation of his growing tenderness; so that when the car-

riage stopped to let him out to return to the Pulteney Hotel, she emphatically conjured him, "to engrave upon his belief, in characters deep and indelible, that Rosabella never could be his, even though fortune should crown with success his exertions for affluence; since the arbitrary voice of gratitude forbade the union, and the impenetrable cloud that hung over her birth pronounced its irrevocable interdiction to his cherishing one thought of her."

Although this intrusion of Mr. Monson into the carriage to her had infinitely distressed Rosabella from its impropriety; and his confession of hovering attachment, in confirmation of Lady Derville's suspicions upon the subject, had much grieved and agitated her; yet, in that very confession, a cordial consolation had been conveyed, in his acknowledging that his love, to become unalienable, must receive the smile of encouragement; and as that smile he could never receive from her, she considered the mine for the explosion of his imprudent attachment as already

laid; and therefore for his inauspicious passion she would not have long to grieve; and little she doubted, that when he mixed with the gay and alluring world, she soon should see a rapid transfer of his heart to some celebrated belle of beauty, birth, and fashion.

CHAPTER XIV.

But long Rosabella had not to contemplate the unfortunate attachment of Mr. Monson, or its probable transit; since not many minutes after he quitted the carriage, it stopped at Lord Flowerdew's door, and to the inquiry if her ladyship were at home, to the infinite regret of our timid heroine the answer was an affirmative.

Immediately Rosabella was ushered up to Lady Flowerdew, who had with her, as if domesticated personages, a young lady and gentleman. Her ladyship was seated at work before a sofa table, which was piled with writing materials and books of various descriptions; some superbly bound, and some in the motley livery of a circulating library.

The young lady, who was more elegant and interesting, than strikingly pretty, and who seemed evidently out of health, was

employed at a very beautiful drawing; and the gentleman, who appeared about four and twenty, was extremely handsome, his countenance beaming with intelligence, mingled with a strong expression of archness, that told at one glance he loved to laugh at the follies of mankind. In his dress a negligence prevailed, as if he coveted observation for eccentricity; and his employment was reading aloud a celebrated production of one of the constellation of existing poets.

Our blushing heroine was most graciously received by the courteous lady of the mansion, who announced the young artist as Claudia Lorrain; the reader as Pindarus; and then taking her by the hand, placed her on the sofa beside herself.

Rosabella, although with the bounding heart of inexperienced timidity, hastened gracefully to execute her mission in the conveyance of Ladies Derville and Meliora, and Mrs. O'Dowd's excuses for not calling upon her ladyship that day.

Lady Flowerdew received these apologies with pleasing urbanity, and then

inquired, "why Miss Frederick had it in her power to be their kind apologist?"

"Lady Derville's visit at Richmond, madam," Rosa replied, "is to a particular friend, with whom she wishes to have some uninterrupted confidential conversation; and having been so lucky as to have seen the emperor and his sister, there existed no occasion for my taking the place of those, who had not experienced that gratification."

"And was this amiable forbearance a voluntary sacrifice, may I ask?" demanded Lady Flowerdew with a playful smile; "or was it manœuvred for by Lady Wilemore? But tell me, are the grandsons of Lady Derville and the Standard of Perfection gone to the Pulteney Hotel together; for if they are, that will prove an explanatory note, the key to which is legible upon your countenance. I perceive you agree with me, *Pindarus*."

"Miss Standard and Mr. Monson, madam, were both of the party to the Pulteney Hotel this morning," Rosabella replied,

marvelling at what key her countenance could yield to the subject.

"Oh! I perceive you have been initiated in the *sobriquet* manœuvre," exclaimed her ladyship. "Now that's a dear! tell me how the Wilemore managed to announce this man-slaughtering appellative to you? although I have now heard it so often done, I think I could repeat every iota of the whole process for you."

"And should your ladyship weary in the detail, I can take up the cue, and repeat *verbatim* for you," said the young man, smiling.

"I was not present during the process," said Rosa, smiling too, "therefore I can give your ladyship no information relative to its mode."

Some very close questions from Lady Flowerdew drew forth answers from the ingenuous Rosa, which led on to a full relation of who formed the party of the Royalty hunt the preceding day, and all the attendant disappointments; at which the trio of auditors seemed infinitely diverted.

"And pray," demanded Lady Flowerdew, "were you of the party the preceding day? That too, was a day of disappointment. Give my love to my honey! and assure her from me, that unless she hunts with better success, some nimble fingered novel writer will have her in a two volume work as a *Paddiana*, who traversed over from the wilds of Ireland to behold the foreign wonders; but always turning the wrong way, as accustomed to in her round of bull racing, went home again without accomplishing her errand."

Rosabella expressed her surprise at Lady Flowerdew's knowledge of Mrs. O'Dowd's disappointment on Shooter's Hill; but this digression did not shield her from the demanded reply, when her ladyship learning, that our heroine had not been on that party either, began to form suspicions of this young creature being dealt unkindly by; and from this belief an interest sprung up in her heart for her, and led her to form the determination of paying her every possible attention.

"And pray, fair lady," her ladyship

now demanded, "where is the heir of Derville?"

"Gone to the Pulteney Hotel with another party."

"And who then remains for your companion in Albemarle Street?"

"Not any one, madam."

"Why then, as I certainly must think the house of Lord Flowerdew a rather more eligible spot to sojourn in, than a fashionable hotel, during this period of your insulation; you will give me leave I hope, to send away the conveyance that brought you hither, and I will myself leave you at home in time to dress for dinner."

Rosabella, assured that Lady Derville could feel no displeasure at this kind and considerate arrangement, gratefully acceded to the proposition; and the carriage of Mrs. O'Dowd was accordingly dismissed.

"Is not Lady Meliora Monson extremely beautiful?" said Lady Flowerdew.

"It is injudicious, I believe, to praise too highly, lest disappointment should

arise from elevated expectation," said Rosa; "I therefore only ought to say, that Lady Meliora is at the mercy of the beholder's fancy for the decree of beautiful, or otherwise: but were I to speak my own opinion, I, who have intimately known her from our mutual infancy, beholding her heart in her countenance as I do, should be almost tempted to the extravagance of pronouncing her the perfection of loveliness."

Lady Flowerdew and the young man exchanged looks of intelligence; and it darted all at once into Rosabella's mind, that this Pindarus must be Mr. Dashwood, the conquest her young friend had so much vaunted of.

At this moment, to which a loud knock at the street door had proved an anticipating herald, a servant appearing, announced "Mrs. Chatticrew."

"*In*deed!" exclaimed Pindarus.

"Exactly so!" her ladyship replied.

"My dear Mrs. Chatticrew, I rejoice excessively to see you," said Lady Flowerdew. "Indeed, it is so long since I expe-

rienced that pleasure, I had it in contemplation to call upon you this very day."

"*In*deed!" responded Mrs. Chatticrew.

"There are so few people in the world," continued her ladyship, "who merit one's esteem, that we do not like to lose sight of those who do."

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Chatticrew.

"My lord and I were talking of you only this very morning."

"*In*deed!" said Mrs. Chatticrew.

"And with much regret, at seeing so little of you lately."

"*In*deed!" was again the response of Mrs. Chatticrew.

"And I doubt not I am indebted to the royal attractors for seeing you now; and that they have been the magnets to draw you forth."

"Exactly so," replied Mrs. Chatticrew.

"But if you are like some friends of mine, you will experience much difficulty and trouble, to obtain the gratification of your curiosity."

"*In*deed!" returned Mrs. Chatticrew.

"But I had forgotten your friend Mrs. Gape resides close to the Pulteney Hotel, and that therefore at her house you must of course see the emperor, and all the foreign wonders who call upon him, without any trouble but that of looking out of the window."

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Chatticrew.

Pindarus now approached this eloquent lady, and with an effort at gravity, which evidently cost him an exertion, said:

"I have not had the very great happiness of seeing you, since about the period of your lovely daughter's marriage."

"*In*deed! my lord."

Rosabella was not more surprised at this extent of volubility, than at the address, which destroyed at once her belief that in Pindarus she beheld Mr. Dashwood; and therefore launched her on the sea of wonder relative to the means by which Lady Flowerdew obtained her intelligence of the incidents at Shooter's Hill.

"As time, I believe, may sanction the supposition," continued the young peer, "I doubt not I may, without entering the field of anticipation, congratulate you upon the happy circumstance of having become a grandmama."

"Exactly so, my lord."

"And having now entered upon that honourable exaltation," said his lordship, "you ought to begin to think of a matrimonial establishment for yourself."

"*In*deed!" with a simper.

"For you know in these days of eccentricity, it is by no means unusual for young and handsome men to prefer matrons, who have passed the spring of their heyday, to giddy gewgaws like these young ladies here."

"Exactly so," with an augmentation of simper.

"Now, were I fortunate enough to be in your secrets, I should know you had made your election."

The lady shook her head.

"What! are you then determined against a second choice?"

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Chatticrew.

"Exactly so, it ought not to be, my dear madam; for it will be using yourself extremely ill, to retire so early from the field of connubial felicity; and mankind barbarously, not to constitute the happiness of some worthy man a little longer. You that are such a charming companion, the very being from all the world a rational well informed conversable man would elect for the delights of flowing conversation; since where could he seek or find a more appropriate or desirable associate, when in a loquacious mood?"

His lordship now ran on at considerable length, with advice to Mrs. Chatticrew to wed without delay; adducing precedents of the most ridiculous nature, and assigning causes the most ludicrous, as inducements for her listening to his counsel; but still, this determined foe to articulation parried all, with her economical allowance of oral sounds; until at length Mrs. Chatticrew looked at her watch, and Lady Flowerdew exclaimed:

"Surely, that consultation with your

regulator does not predict our deprivation, by your meditated departure?"

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Chatticrew.

"Alas!" exclaimed his lordship; "if I can pronounce myself an interpreter of looks, I should say, Mrs. Chatticrew requested me to ring the bell, to announce her to-be-regretted departure."

"Exactly so, my lord," replied the lady; and his lordship, with an alacrity in obedience, very visible to all, obeyed her tacit request. Instantly after she made her exit, her valediction ceremony performed in dumb-show, he darted into the balcony to learn, he said, how, in the name of possibility, she could convey orders to her servants for proceeding, without deviating from her economy in speech; and promptly his lordship returned, laughing—

"On my honour!" he exclaimed, "she must absolutely have dinned her poor husband to death by her flow of words; and, by his will, she is restricted to the use of three, on penalty of forfeiture of jointure; and the very servants are instructed how to preserve her property and

their places:—for the moment he closed her up in that vile machine of hers, her footman said—

'To Mrs. Gape's, I suppose, madam?' and 'Exactly so;' was the response.

"But, whilst on this look out for the possible thaw of words," continued his lordship, "I beheld the fortunate country maid pass in her carriage."

"Oh! ye stars of patronage! then wilt thou guide her hither, ere ten soberly pacing minutes shall perform their steady course!" exclaimed her ladyship.

"Through what spirit of divination is this happiness anticipated?" demanded the young peer.

"Why, from the spirit that prophesies from the most probable hypothesis," said Lady Flowerdew. "She has constituted me her Lady Bab Frightful; and, as she comes to consult me as this her great oracle of fashion, every possible opportunity, I naturally conclude she will not omit this one, which the absence of her friends in Portland Place (who, I know,

are gone to the Pulteney Hotel) will afford her."

"But why does Lord Bayswater call Lady Townhurst the fortunate country maid?" said the fair artist. "Was she a low woman, who made her fortune by marriage?"

"*Exactly so*," replied Lady Flowerdew, smiling: "or rather her father made her fortune; which got the husband for her, which her pretty face attracted.—She was the only child of a wealthy grazier in the west of England, who sent once a week, by a Smithfield drover, an order to a city milliner, to send down a supply of fashionable *gear* to dizen his Jenny in; who, not being a spinning one, and not feeling the garb of a fashionable belle exactly the costume to tend a flock, instead of bending her course to the field to wait upon her father's sheep, and, having no place of exhibition more eligible to display her finery in, the moment her careful toilet was made each day in dresses for a ball room, she took her station on her father's steps,

which were divided from the high road by an iron railing, over which she all day leaned, showing fashions to the stage-coach passengers, as they in return supplied her with the incense of dust, and many a witty observation; until at length Sir Simon Townhurst, passing that way, was struck by her pretty face, which he concluded was placed there as a notice, that it was to be disposed of. Upon going to offer terms, he found the best bargain would be a Smithfield one, and to take the grazier's lamb with a golden fleece into the fold of matrimony; so, performing all the requisite exploits of taming the brazen bulls, her father and uncle, who were at first violently against the match, he succeeded in bringing off the prize to London, when he did me the honour of an introduction; and, as my lord had unluckily been his guardian, I am obliged to patronize the unsophisticated rustic, which is really sometimes a task of duty, that works one's patience and charity almost to exhaustion."

"Oh, the dear novice is sometimes a

delectable treat!" exclaimed Lord Bayswater. "Do you remember the day you kissed your hand to her from this balcony, when she was seated in a curricle by Sir Simon; and that, to evince her respect, she stood up to drop you her obeisance, when, by the motion of the carriage, neither the horses or driver dreaming of what was passing, not stopping for the ceremony, she was pitched off her equilibrium, and came pounce down astride upon the horse before her, to the astonishment of Sir Simon, who pulled his steeds in to stock-still amazement, at what windfall postilion Æolus had thus sent to act for him?"

"And, do you remember the day when I called for her at Sir Simon's request, to take her into the Park; and that, in commiseration for her bridal milk white plume, and point lace veil, on beholding the eddies of dust playing around them, villanously to blacken them in the estimation of the world, I expressed my regret, that an overpowering nervous headach prevented my having the landau closed, she at once

evinced herself the very quintessence of *politesse*, by replying—

"I beg, *my lady*, you wont mention it, as I assure you there is not a grain of dust more than is quite agreeable to me."

"But really that was not such a test of *politesse* as your ladyship esteems it," said the fair artist: "since custom is deemed second nature; and, you recollect, she was in the daily habit of dusting her finery on the steps before her father's door."

At this moment Miss Mary Lorrain was announced, and a remarkably pretty girl of nineteen entered; who, after paying her compliments to Lady Flowerdew, flew to the artist, and, giving her affection's cordial kiss, exclaimed—

"Joy to you, Claudia!—Go, thank her ladyship, for I cannot."

"What, then, my application has proved successful!" cried Lady Flowerdew, with eagerness; "and your excellent father is to be continued in his curacy."

"No, madam, not continued in the curacy," Miss Mary replied, melting into tears of grateful joy; "but he is to have

the living itself.—Oh! Captain Arundel has behaved like an angel to Papa!"

"Claudia! Claudia!" exclaimed Lady Flowerdew, "I will have no scene.—You know I hate sentimental comedies that make one cry, when we ought to laugh.—Well, well, you may just wipe your eyes, and give one great gulp, and swallow down your swelling tide of joy, whilst I ring for a sandwich, that you may have some wine, and Mary, food; who, I suspect, breakfasted in the night to be here by this time. How did you come, child?"

"In the gig, madam. Papa was so subdued by his unexpected good fortune, that he has, in consequence, been attacked by a slight fit of the gout, which prevented his coming up himself to thank you; and, not considering even the post a sufficiently safe conveyance of his grateful acknowledgments, he dispatched me with this letter, in which he has endeavoured to express his feelings."

"And which," said Lady Flowerdew, "I will not read in company, as I strongly suspect it may cause a grand display of

emotion, which, after my declaration against *sentimentalities*, would be rather unopportune.—Ah! well, my poor Claudia, I see I must grant you leave of absence for five minutes.—Mary, go with your sister, but both return as speedily as possible."

The Miss Lorrains withdrew, and Lord Bayswater declared his joy at their departure; as nothing he apprehended like a sentimental scene, lest he should be drawn inadvertently into the performance, which was not his cast.

"But," continued his lordship, "if ever I am taken in to weep, I trust it may be at a good man's joy.—Pray, Miss Frederick, are you a poetess? Your eyes betray the secret; for they beam with every requisite for one."

"They must beam then with *reflected* light, my lord, for I am not so distinguished by nature," said Rosabella, with a blush and eloquent smile, since, from the name Lady Flowerdew had introduced him by, she felt conviction his lordship was a poet.

"Ha! my Lord Pindarus! this shrewd young damsel has discovered the Helicon fluid in the radiance of your eyes; and has paid you a compliment, that I doubt not will send you to the moon in a flight of elated vanity," said Lady Flowerdew.

"A compliment," replied his lordship, bowing, "that may lead me, although not through the guidance of my vanity, further than I ever meant to go; even to that shrine I vowed I never would stray to. But devoutly I do wish you were a poetess, or a novel writer, that you might work up a pretty pathetic tale out of this incident in the Lorrain family; and with the finale, which I foresee, of this Captain Arundel wedding pretty Mary, or the more interesting Claudia."

"Well," said Lady Flowerdew, "since there is no one present to write this pathetic tale, I will recite a plain unvarnished one to Miss Frederick.

"The mother of these girls was a distant relative of mine, a most highly accomplished young woman, who incurred the displeasure of her obdurate parents so

completely, by marrying the private tutor of her brothers, that they not only would never see her more, but threw her off in the most barbarous manner, and left her and her inestimable husband to struggle through all the miseries of poverty, with a rapidly increasing family, until about six years since, when *my* lord obtained a living for Lorrain of about four hundred pounds per annum, upon which they reared their numerous family with great honour to themselves, as they were their only teachers; even accomplishing these two elder girls, particularly Claudia, who has surpassing abilities. But all their happiness and amended comforts received a direful shock, about a year and a half since, by the almost sudden death of Mrs. Lorrain, and from that period the ill health of Claudia may be dated; for she adored her mother, and has mourned her loss too deeply; so that, although I have had her with me as much as possible since, and have had every medical advice for her, her health every day declines; and the physi-

cians have at length declared it to be mental malady.

"But Claudia has not been the only mourner, whose health and spirits have been broken by the death of this amiable woman; for poor Lorrain is, in truth, a disconsolate widower: and the vicarage of ——— became so miserable a residence after the bright luminary, who there cheered all for him, was snatched away, that he sought a curacy, where he could have the parsonage-house for a residence, and in a situation where he could take a few small boys to educate with his younger ones, as a task that might abstract his thoughts from a too uninterrupted contemplation of his affliction; and, scarcely was he established in his curacy and promising undertaking, when the vicar died, and just at the same period the patron of the living, the gallant Arundel, was reported taken prisoner after the battle of Vittoria, and since dead of his wounds; when the next heir to this estate, to which the presentation of this living was annexed,

gave the living to a man, who immediately sent notice to poor Lorrain to quit the curacy; an intimation that overwhelmed him with distress; for no other curacy to suit him could he in a moment hear of, neither could he endure to return to his vicarage, where the ghost of his departed happiness would direfully haunt him still; and, whilst this embarrassing distress was weighing heavily upon his mind, an express arrived to my lord from Arundel himself, requesting him to break the joyful news of his existence, and liberation from the hands of the French, to his uncles. No sooner had this welcome express reached us, than I dispatched an epistle to meet Arundel on his road from Ireland, stating poor Lorrain's case, and entreating that Lorrain should be continued in the curacy; but, instead of this, the benevolent Arundel has, you see, conferred the living itself upon him; and, from what has fallen from Mary, of his angelic conduct to her father, I conclude he has arrived from Ireland, and is in Surrey."

"Of Captain Arundel's arrival from Ireland I can bear testimony, having come over in the same packet," said Rosabella; who had been far from an insensible auditress to Lady Flowerdew's narrative.

"Came over in the same packet? Then you can relieve my anxiety relative to his health, and tell me something of his unfortunate adventures after the battle of Vittoria."

Rosabella could not realize her ladyship's latter expectation, but gave her all the information in her power relative to the former; and, shortly after, the Miss Lorrains made their appearance, when it was evident, by the aspect of the interesting Claudia, that her doing so was an exertion; for the pang was rending her heart in the sad, but unavailing regret, that her adored mother had not been spared to participate in the prosperity of her little less adored father.

Lady Flowerdew, perceiving how great was the struggle of Miss Lorrain with her sensitive feelings, now called the party to

her little banquet, for the purpose of persuading her to follow her prescription of a little wine.

"But how does this happen, Lady Flowerdew," demanded Mary Lorrain, anxious, for her sister's sake, to lead the conversation from their late good fortune, "that you are to be found in the home department, and not in the foreign line of eager curiosity?"

"Oh! all in good time, I shall be in that popular line ere the sun goes down: for, to let you into my consequence, I had the honor of an introduction, not only to the grand duchess, but to the emperor himself, a few years since, when I was with my father at St. Petersburg: an introduction graciously recognised by both; and I have been almost a daily visitor of the former since her arrival here, and am going presently to call upon her, for the purpose of introducing our lyric poet here."

The landau of Lady Flowerdew was now announced to be in waiting.

"Mary," said her ladyship, "go to

Nesbit, and tell her to adorn you, child, in something simple and becoming of mine, as I am going to take you with your sister and Miss Frederick to the Pulteney Hotel; where, perhaps, if I manœuvre like my friend Lady Wilemore, I may obtain you the gratification of some particular notice from these illustrious personages; and, at all events, I can procure admission for you into the antechamber."

"Madam, the honour and gratification your goodness would confer upon me, I grieve to say I am under the necessity of declining," said Rosabella, painfully blushing, whilst tears of mortification and regret started to her eyes, at the sacrifice the dictates of her heart urged her on to make.

"Are you in jest, my dear?" demanded Lady Flowerdew, in amazement; "or does there really exist any absolute interdiction to your accompanying me to the Pulteney Hotel?"

"Lady Derville, madam, did not wish that I should go there," replied our heroine, again painfully blushing, at being

compelled to throw suspicion upon the kindness of Lady Derville to her, or upon her own claim to indulgence; "and, as I have ever found her ladyship a judicious, as well as a kind friend, I cannot doubt her motive was a just one."

Lady Flowerdew did not attempt any argument against the decree of Lady Derville, so amiably subscribed to; but she thought it very strange; and it added force to her belief of a system of unkindness being adopted towards this lovely young creature.

Mary, almost wild with rapture at the unexpected prospect of seeing a plurality of *real* sovereigns, now darted into the room, with looks so improved by an elegant hat and spencer from Lady Flowerdew's wardrobe, that Lord Bayswater said, with an expressive smile, to Rosabella—

"My prediction, I think, must be verified in the finale of the Lorrain narrative, unless the heart of Captain Arundel was purloined, on his passage from Ireland, by a thief of more resistless prowess."

"He came over with very honest peo-

ple, my lord," responded Rosabella smiling, whilst she blushed at the earnest gaze of his lordship; "people of too much benevolence to imagine mischief against him, whom they all sincerely pitied for his health, and respected for the dangers he had braved."

"Does not your last sentence require correction?" demanded his lordship; his eyes still riveted in admiring gaze upon her. "Do you not mean—'*loved* for the dangers he had braved?'—So Shakespear wrote it."

"And so, perhaps, your lordship may find it in future editions of our voyage. I was not the only woman of the party."

"Why, how now, my Lord Pindarus!" exclaimed Lady Flowerdew, spinning him round from his station of standing by Rosabella. "Think not I will suffer this unsuspicious stranger to be taken by surprise: therefore, avaunt, until I paint you what you are—a male coquet!—an angler for the admiration of the fair; yet confessedly of no *tact* himself, beyond that attached to his vanity.—A professor of in-

vulnerability to love, who, without compunction, takes every heart he can allure, but will not give one in return:—who boasts, both by the oral process and the widely sounding trump of his muse, of his determined apathy; and that, for the sole purpose of ensnaring our unwary sex, through the deluding web of our own vanity, spun by our hope of becoming the enviable and doughty flame to thaw the frozen fortress, that contains his snowball heart."

"Oh! have mercy! have mercy!" exclaimed his lordship, forcing a laugh to conceal his chagrin; "what a character is this!—Why, 'tis, by the becoming veil of charity I swear, enough to—"

"Enough," exclaimed the volatile Mary, "to drive a dozen of us self-pluming damsels up the hill of Parnassus, to scramble for your lordship's coronet of Bays.—What say you, Miss Frederick?"

"Why," she replied, "I will say Lady Flowerdew was very good to apprise inexperienced girls of the dangers that menaced them; but, I believe, mankind in

general would pronounce her ladyship's an injudicious plan; since it is their received opinion, that to point out the precipice of danger to a woman is the sure method to precipitate her down it."

"Not, Miss Frederick, at least," said Lord Bayswater, "whilst that chain is clasped around her, suspended from the rock of reason, and she is gifted with quick perception of the foibles of her sex."

"Yet, to the padlock of that chain," Rosa replied, with a smile tempered by the blushing influence of her inherent timidity,—"your lordship thinks there may be found a magic key in the resistless power of the enchantress Flattery."

"Let him beware," said Lady Flowerdew, observing the rays of lively admiration that emanated from his eyes, "that there is not a magic key to be found in the power of some enchantress, that may unlock even ice-encrusted citadels."

"Oh!" replied his lordship, "I have played with love's lightning, until, like the laurel, I defy its power."

"Beware!" her ladyship repeated, as

now, with the three young ladies and Lord Bayswater, she descended to the carriage.

At Lady Flowerdew's desire Lord Bayswater mounted the box to drive; by which means she obtained the opportunity she wished for, of speaking more seriously upon his lordship's inexusably cruel propensity, than she could do before him; to do which she was impelled by the observations she had made upon the ardent and unequivocal admiration excited by the beautiful Rosabella, in the breast of his lordship,—admiration which, although she had never beheld him evince so evidently for any being before, she felt conviction would prove but transient; yet, whilst it continued in its present glow, he would leave nothing unattempted to ensnare her heart, she doubted not, to add to those triumphs he had already been elated by in the captivation of many a lovely woman, who, entoiled by his fine exterior, his popular muse, and avowed apathy, had entered the lists for the prize of his unvan-

quishable heart, and, in the contest, lost her own.

Independent too of Lady Flowerdew's kind wish of forearming, by forewarning Rosabella and the volatile Mary of this dangerous man's propensity and power, she had another aim in her discussion of the subject,—to alarm the prudence and reason of the susceptible Claudia; since frequently of late a suspicion had been awakened, that part of this amiable, as interesting, young woman's ill-health and melancholy were caused by his lordship's too successful power to please; who had often been an inmate with her at Wimbledon, and Lord Flowerdew's seat in Sussex, for weeks together.

Although Mary Lorrain was not quite so great a novice in the world's wiles as Rosabella, she felt equally astonished with her at any man having so unjustifiable a pursuit, and at any woman sacrificing her own happiness to form triumph for a man's reprehensible vanity; and their artless strictures upon the subject were so

completely all her ladyship wished to hear from them, that she determined to repeat them to Lord Bayswater, since she doubted not, as they were the unsophisticated opinions of such young and pretty women, they might convey effect to a mind that in every other respect was amiable.

At length they reached Albemarle Street, although his lordship drove as slow as foot could fall, since, as Rosa sat with her face to the horses, he could often effect a glance at her from his elevated station; still wondering what theme could so animate her pensive countenance, and much wishing to be out of the noisy streets of London, that he still might hear her dulcet voice.

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cation of hearing Miss Perfection's — I mean Miss Standard's exquisite performance."

Inquiry was now made in the house, and Charles learned that Messrs. —— had sent to say, "They were exceedingly concerned at not being able to comply with Mr. Monson's order that day; since, if they were to offer a thousand pounds for a man to take the instruments to Albemarle Street, they could not procure one, all their people having struck work, for the purpose of gaping after the illustrious visitors."

"Will I go, Master Char*less*?" exclaimed Terry, seeing him much chagrined at the disappointment. "Sure myself, and success to my sturdy stumps! can be bringing the harp, any how."

One of the fine gentleman waiters, who was present, in a whisper asked Terry, how he could think of carrying burdens like a ticket porter.

"Ah, then, why would'nt I?" exclaimed Terry in the loud response of indignation; "Sure the harp is my crest, man

alive! and who, myself will be glad to know, was ever ashamed of their armorial bearings, unless 'twas crest-fallen they were by dishonour. *Och*, murder! ashamed I'd be of a harp on my back! Why it has proved a coat of mail to England's back! a pretty high feather in her crown! since what but for our land of *pratees** would yez be now? Not entertaining emperors and strange kings, but slaves to Master Bony. Ay, faith, and success to the harp! didn't it twang out warriors for yez, and to the tune of 'See the conquering Hero comes,' whin it thundered out Arthur of Ireland for yez, wid the shillela that will neither bend nor break in his hand, and his brow circled wid the shamrock, that showed our three nations unity in stamina, and taught them firmly in one band to follow the leader the blessed Saint Patrick sent them. *Och*, murder! ashamed of a harp at my back, I'd be! *Och, och, och!* Master Charless, had my four bones remaint in Irelant till Arthur of Erin turned

* Potatoes.

his back in battle—such disparagement as this same to his nation would never have galled my ears."

Terry now hastened away for the execution of his meditated purpose; and immediately after his disappearance, Lady Derville returned from Richmond; who, although possessing too much urbanity to permit its being visible, was far from being pleased at this addition to her dinner party; since it must unavoidably throw impediments in the way of Mr. Sternham's suit, which of all things she at this moment had most earnestly at heart."

"Well," her ladyship demanded, after she paid her compliments to Lady Wilemore and Miss Standard; "I trust you have not again been disappointed, but that you have seen all the wonders of the age at the Pulteney Hotel."

"We sustained no disappointment to-day," Lady Wilemore replied. "We had, amongst many gratifications, that of seeing the imperial brother and sister: and the emperor did my niece the honour of taking her hand, in preference to many a fair one,

as well as red, stretched out for that distinction: which was really an honour so superlative, a distinction so elating, that I have only to pray Alinda's uncommon strength of understanding may prove a counterpoise to the brain-turning vanity it must inspire."

Lady Meliora, whom Rosabella promptly saw had not returned in elevation of spirits, now made a signal to our heroine to accompany her out of the room, and the moment they reached their chamber, her ladyship burst into tears as she threw her arms around the neck of her affectionate friend.

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed the alarmed and sympathizing Rosa; "What has befallen my beloved Meliora? No unpleasant news I trust, relative to Lord Montalbert."

"No, thank my stars! for then indeed I should run quite distracted: but what I have to impart is almost as heart-rending: the em—em—pe—pe—ror never bestowed one look upon me, no—no more than if I had been some Laplander; whilst

twice he took the hand of that odious Miss, her forward aunt absolutely thrust into his grasp, to act as a screen to every one near her."

"Well then," Rosabella replied, "since she acted as a screen, the poor emperor did not slight you; and therefore it was neither his want of taste, nor yours of attraction; so dear dear Meliora, do not cry about it. Another time, when there is no intervening cloud to obscure the sun's brilliant rays, the emperor will perceive its brightness."

"I don't know that, Rosa," her ladyship responded, sobbing piteously; "I don't know that; for even when that eclipsing woman allowed me to peep from behind her cloud of perfection, I scarcely obtained a look. No one was spontaneously planet-struck with admiration, since all seemed monopolized by gaping for the ascent and descent of foreign wonders; or gazing at that Dutch toy Derville seems to have set his mind on; and who, had she belonged to one of our proud isles, our infatuated country-

men would have gazed no more upon than they did on me."

"But she has a great fortune," Rosabella replied, "and riches possess magnetic influence."

"Well, and suppose her fortune is larger than mine; my birth and consequence transcend hers as much as my face and form."

"But, most probably no one knew you to be Lady Meliora Monson."

"But they ought to have discovered by my deportment that I was her superior."

"Nay," returned Rosa, who was nearly as much mortified as the young beauty herself, at her beloved Meliora being thus overlooked; "Your dress would hardly allow a guess to be formed of your quality, since you have been disappointed, through this gazing after these wonders, of every thing you bespoke; and certainly, the dress you have on is so different from Lady Flowerdew's, that perhaps people may be led to overlook you, from believing, were you anybody, you would be

attired, as Mrs. O'Dowd would say, in more *stylish costume.*"

"My dear, dear, penetrating Rosa, you have developed the fatal cause," exclaimed her ladyship, kissing her in ecstasy. "It is my comparatively shabby and unfashioned dress that disguises me, and besots people to the indolence of not opening their eyes to behold me; and that irritating woman Lady Wilemore's manœuvring plan, of jamming me up in a nook in the back ground,—as you used to serve Mr. Sternham, when grandmama made you take views in Ravenswood Park, and bade you group us all in each landscape,—you know, must add to the natural belief, that I am some poor cousin who has mended the family linen, trudged about with the house keys, and run after cheating servants and unruly children, until every particle of good looks I might ever have possessed, have been harassed away."

Lady Meliora, having now found a balm for her deeply wounded vanity, smiled as it eased her smart; and soon drying up her tears, dressed—admired her own love-

liness, and wondered any cloud could obscure its radiance; and then descended to the drawing-room, where they found Terry (aided by Mrs. O'Dowd's oracle and her Colossus,) in the act of laying the harp he had proudly borne through the streets before Miss Standard. The moment he had thus obeyed the directions of Mr. Monson, he turned to Mrs. O'Dowd with glowing cheeks, and reproachfully said:

"I hope, Mrs. O'Dowd, that it is not wounding my heart yourself will be any more, whin you larn all the rapparees in the wide world are not your own countrymen, Ma'am." . . .

"Why, pray, Terry," replied Mrs. O'Dowd, with an arch glance at Mr. Monson, "how in the name of wonder can I have wounded your heart?"

"Oh! faith ma'am, easy enough, whin 'tis always saying you are, 'that every one is honest in *this* country, and that you needn't be fearing banditti, now yourself is treading on English ground;'

which is such disparagement to the honour of the sod St. Patrick trod upon, that it's no wonder 'tis wounded my heart is by it."

"But have you suffered from dishonesty, Terry?" demanded Mr. Monson. "Has your pocket been picked?"

"Faith yourself has caught the rap in the fact, Master Charless. He did pick my pocket, that's a sure thing: and, ochone! if the treachery of the job was not worse nor the thieft, myself wonders at it."

"Pray what has befallen you, Terry?" demanded Mrs. O'Dowd, in a tone that betrayed she anticipated mortification to her judgment.

"Why then, indeed ma'am, as myself was trudging along, wid my badge of honour at my back, a mighty decent lucking man,—as creditable now as ever you seen ma'am, hit gainst my proud burden; so 'sir,' says I, 'I'll be greatly obliged to you not to be hitting against me, in regard to my having a harp on my back;

and if yourself is a true and loyal subject, you must honour the harp just now too much to be misusing it.' "

" ' The harp!' cries he, turning round upon me, ' sure every loyal subject must honour, and be ready to fall down and worship it, for the sake of the heroic Wellington; and I would shake you cordially by the hand, and embrace you too for his sake, would your honourable burden permit it;' and so on he went wid such pilaver, as quite rejoiced the cockles of my heart, walking quite condescendingly by the side of me; till at last says he,—the thief of the world!

" ' There's a place,' says he, ' at the end of Sackville Street, just harby, made on purpose for porters to rest their loads; and when we come there, I think I can assist you to raise your honourable burden to a more convenient station for carrying it.'

" So wid that, sure enough we came to the stand he mintioned; and just as myself was staring like a conjurer up and down the piperly place, that humbug upon

a Sackville Street, no more to be compared to the one in the Hibernian metropolis, than a duck-pond is to the Bay of Dublin! what does he do, the rap! but whilst pretinding to assist me, and whilst he was choking me wid gratitude, he whips away, all unknownc't to me, before my very eyes, my elegant silver watch, and pelted off for the bare life down that sham Sackville Street; myself wondering why my friend absconded from me in that fashion? whin, bubaboo! myself perceives the flag of my distress waving from the palm of his hand, as he scampered—the orange ribbon of my watch, that I bought new but this very morning: so, Mistriss O'Dowd, ma'am, my fine flummery English friend has left me on the *shanghraun*, for knowing whether perpetual motion flies or stands still."

"Well, my poor Terry," said Charles, "I am your debtor for a watch, since, whilst obliging me, you were robbed of your *elegant* one."

"Why then long life to you, Master Char*less!* I'll engages, 'tis no man or mor-

tal will ever be the loser by you, though 'tis of one's all you might be the instigation of one's being robbed of, and success to yourself!"

Miss Standard exerted her musical abilities to the utmost of her power during the evening to fascinate Mr. Monson; although she frequently declared, "she had caught a desperate hoarseness, that enfeebled and unharmonized her voice; and that the harp was a vile one, out of which there was no eliciting a tone congenial to her feelings:" yet, when Rosa, at the decree of Lady Meliora, tuned it for her own performance, and sounded her dulcet tones in a simple ballad, Charles was entranced with a degree of rapture he had never before experienced on a similar occasion; and which he was so successless in his efforts to conceal, that his terrified grandmother said:

"The cause, Charles, of your being so *particularly* struck by that sweet air, is, that you never heard it before, except on our old jingling instruments at Ravenswood; and although Miss Standard, from

her superiority of judgment, disapproves of this one, yet it so infinitely surpasses what we have been accustomed to, that all our old acquaintances must appear to peculiar advantage to our vitiated ears."

"My niece possesses such exquisite taste, and so sensitive an ear," said Lady Wilemore, "that she scarcely ever finds an instrument she can play to advantage upon; as her tortured feelings are in a state of writhing revolt, when she draws forth sounds dissonant to her own melodious soul: whilst, as to an accompaniment for her vocal transcendence, she rarely finds any harmony to coalesce."

"Did she ever try the bagpipe, my honey?" demanded Mrs. O'Dowd.

Lady Wilemore, not pleased at the tendency of this ludicrous question, yet however with wonderful self-possession, replied, "No, certainly; but if she could be prevailed upon to try the barbarous nerve assailer, she would bring tones from it the instrument was before thought incapable of: and I doubt not, would not

only bring it into fashion as an harmonica, but draw all Ireland's *amateurs* after her to listen."

"As Arion did the dolphins," said Mrs. O'Dowd; "but, my honey! any common piper can perform that feat at a wake in Ireland."

A note, that Mrs. O'Dowd prized beyond all that Miss Standard had treated her with, was now delivered to her from Lady Flowerdew; which she had no sooner perused, than in ecstatic rapture she exclaimed:

"Oh, my honies all! we must be off like the dews of night at the approach of Madam Aurora, to Ascot Races; since all our own dear darling royal family, and all the illustrious strangers are to be there, who are afterwards to proceed to Frogmore, to an entertainment to be given to them by Her Majesty."

"That is all report, and cannot be acted upon," said Lady Wilemore, not pleased this intimation had not been sent to her, that through her it might be given; and besides she had but two horses, and the ex-

pense of a pair of leaders for such a distant excursion was not to be thought of—or at least, not to be paid for—by her.

"Ay, my honey! but there is no report like a true one," Mrs. O'Dowd replied; "and this is upon royal authority; since the Duchess of Oldenburg told Lady Flowerdew so herself."

"The duchess told her!" exclaimed Lady Wilemore with a sneer. "Then you may thank Her Imperial Highness for the information; since it was to wave that high feather of her acquaintance with these Russians,—brought about when her father was in the *corps diplomatique*—that she dispatched this billet; just as she made such a grand display of herself, slowly parading up the staircase at the Pulteney Hotel to-day, that all might see she was going to visit *La Grande Duchesse*. I think I managed vastly well, to screen us all from her recognition; for really I think it quite delightful, when people are in the altitude of display, to mortify them by non-observance."

"Lady Flowerdew,—who is herself one

of the most lovely and elegant looking women I ever beheld," said Mr. Monson, "had two very attractive girls with her:—the one interesting and elegant; the other uncommonly pretty. Do you know who they are, Lady Wilemore?"

"I did not observe them," returned her ladyship. "Alinda, who were they?"

"I believe, ma'am, one was the governess."

"Ah!—*the* governess! Well, well, if my friend Cecilia does not repent protection *there*, I shall be surprised! Dangerous! a very dangerous experiment that, of bringing an interesting girl into one's house as a *protégée*. Nine times out of ten they turn out manœuvrers; and contrive, either designedly or otherwise, to entangle the hearts of one's husband, or brother, or son!—always sure of some dire catastrophe, where they find shelter."

"Ah, my honey! but not half so dire a catastrophe as if we do not go to Ascot," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, eager to turn a conversation she saw had spleen and personality for its basis; "since I will

hang myself, Lady Meliora drown, and Mr. Monson shoot himself, if we cannot procure sufficient horses to whirl us to Ascot Heath to-morrow. Mr. Monson, my honey dear! will we speak about them? for of course we will try to go."

"Certainly," said Charles; "and we shall require four pair."

"Only three pair, my dear," said Lady Derville; "two pair for my coach, to convey you, Mrs. O'Dowd, your sister, and Mr. Sternham, to these races; and one pair for Mrs. O'Dowd's chariot, which I must beg leave to borrow, to take Rosa with me to Richmond."

"Good Heaven, madam!" Charles exclaimed, "it cannot be possible you mean to exclude Miss Frederick from every party of amusement!"

"I am not accountable to you, Mr. Monson, for my arrangements," Lady Derville haughtily replied. "I made an engagement to take Miss Frederick to Lady Elstow's to-morrow, which it is absolutely necessary I should fulfil."

"Ah! those absolute engagements are provoking things; as poor Alinda and myself can testify," said Lady Wilemore, with a deep drawn sigh; "for Sir Gilbert has a most unopportune appointment for to-morrow at Highgate; and he would as soon sever his right hand from his body, as allow me to have the carriage when he wants it; or his left, as permit my going in a hack-chaise: so that, although our sad hearts will be with you, our persons are interdicted. Nay, Alinda, look not so seriously sorrowful about what is inevitable: absolutely, as if your poor little innocent heart was breaking at this thwarting impediment to your wishes. Well, well, it is provoking, I grant you! I declare I never saw you look so unhappy at any disappointment before."

"But why need that disappointment exist?" said Lady Derville, anxious to embrace this opportunity of effectually crushing the possibility of any after repentance leading to poor Rosa's forming

one of the party to Ascot, lest a new rescript should open the eyes of Charles still wider to her transcendent fascinations: "cannot my carriage convey you? It is roomy, and your old friend and my grandchildren, there can be no doubt, will be happy in so pleasing an addition to their party."

The wary Lady Wilemore perceiving the assenting bows were more of *politesse* than cordiality, promptly resolved to raise her consequence as a *cicerone*, to insure her welcome, and therefore said:—

"Why, I do not know what to say to your ladyship's obliging offer, which I should be most happy to accept, only it has just struck me where I can procure conveyance, and prove a most acceptable appendage to some relatives just arrived out of Yorkshire to see the sights; who, not knowing even the tip of an ear belonging to the world of fashion, will hail me as a most invaluable acquisition. May I beg leave to write a line to offer myself, that I may have it ready to dis-

patch my footman with to Halfmoon Street, the moment he arrives?"

"Sure, my honey!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, now forcibly struck with the value of her Bath friend, as a nomenclator. "Sure, my honey, we will want a *cicerone* as much as any Yorkshire novice, and you cannot be so shabby as to desert, and with your Standard too."

"Well then, since I can be useful to you, I will let my poor Yorkshire cousins manage how they can. But, perhaps I may crowd you; and should Lord Derville not be in the train of the divine Vandelure, and wish to go with you—"

"Why, still, madam, there will be accommodation for you and your lovely niece," said Mr. Sternham, in his turn determined to manœuvre, "as I have an absolute engagement in the city; indeed, relative to printing a work of mine, that cannot longer be deferred."

Charles, knowing full well that he should not be permitted to accompany Rosabella to Richmond, and as Mr. Sternham was not to enjoy that happiness,

felt no incentive, either to withdraw himself from the party to Ascot, or to interfere with his preceptor's arrangements.

CHAPTER XVI.

By Rosa's devices and exertions, inspired by her observations upon Lady Flowerdew's style of dress, the appearance of Lady Meliora was so much improved both in fashion and beauty, that her delighted grandmother beheld her with rapture, as she stood before her equipped for Ascot: but not the same effect had the improvement of Rosabella's aspect (through the aid of her own ingenuity and a beautiful straw hat, the gift of Mrs. O'Dowd,) on her ladyship; since terror for the fatal consequence pervaded every faculty, on perceiving the eyes of Mr. Monson, beaming with unequivocal admiration, riveted upon her.

As Lady Derville wished for a long day with her friend Lady Elstow, both parties were to set out on their different excursions at the same moment; and to the infinite satisfaction of the speculating

Lady Wilemore, Lord Derville, through a long formed engagement of Miss Vandelure's, not having it in his power to attend on her, was of their party; and as his lordship declared he could not go without his friend Foxcraft to regulate his bets, Charles gladly availed himself of the excuse of accommodating this necessary friend of his brother's, to escape the stunning trump of Miss Standard's praise, and declared he would go upon the box.

But to this altitude of fashion it was decreed Mr. Monson was not to be this day exalted; for the moment after he had handed his grandmother and her *protégée* to the carriage of Mrs. O'Dowd, a smirking fellow, with an air of low bred familiarity, by no means palatable to the pride of Mr. Monson, tapped him on the shoulder, and with all due form served a law process upon him, at the suit of Jonathan Stables, for an assault.

Charles, from the life of seclusion that he had been reared in, understanding little of law, and promptly conceiving this familiar fellow had grossly insulted him

by a public arrest for debt, when, beside being a minor, he owed not five pounds upon earth, in the impetuosity of his nature, knocked this agreeable agent down upon the pavement before the house, where a crowd had assembled, on learning some law transaction was going forward.

The ladies who were going to Ascot had fortunately not descended to witness this affray, which might have arisen to the most serious consequences, as this law agent had his followers; and some of the Ravenswood servants, with Mrs. O'Dowd's Colossus, were all in waiting on the steps, some to attend, and some to see the party off; only Mr. Freecastle and Mr. Foxcraft were luckily standing by, who both having long heads and cool tempers, contrived to call all to order; and the former giving bail for the appearance of Mr. Monson to answer for his double trespass, the limb of the law departed muttering loud threats of legal vengeance; and the latter strongly advised the impetuous Charles to give up all idea of proceeding to Ascot, but to hasten on the in-

stant to put the matter into the hands of an able solicitor, as those he had to deal with were evidently of the most ungentlemanly cast.

As this too was Mr. Freecastle's advice, who offered instantly to accompany Mr. Monson to a solicitor of justly celebrated fame, Charles, feeling too indignant to bestow a thought upon amusement, readily relinquished his meditated excursion, and proceeded to the law oracle, whom they found at home; and who detained them so short a period, that Charles, by the time he returned to Albemarle Street, had determined to follow his brother and sister. But whilst he stood on the Hotel steps, deliberating whether it was worth while to pay so exorbitant a sum as was demanded for a chaise and pair to Ascot, since Rosa was not there, Betty Roach arrived from executing a commission in Piccadilly, and giving him an intelligent look, he followed her into the house to inquire what she had to communicate.

"Why, Master Charles," she replied,

"I only just want to complain to you, how that jewel Miss Rosa is to be tased this blessed day, by that vinegar posset, who has bewitched my lady for certain, or would she be tolerating him as a shooter for her, who may pick and choose; for sorrow creature gentle or simple that have set eyes on her in the Hotel, but all swear 'tis an angel she is!"

"Well, Betty, but how do you know Rosa is to be so teased," demanded the brightly blushing Charles, "when she is gone into Surrey, and he into the city?"

"Is it he, the cheat? not a fut of him, Master Charkess, unless the way into the city lies through Kew and Richmond; for I'll give my book oath I saw him pass me in a stage coach, with those names blazoned upon it, and in the same direction my lady went; and sure myself *would'nt* be deceived in his face, the ould catamountain! for hasn't he been frightening the life out of me with it these ten years?"

All remembrance of extortion in the demand for a chaise now vanished from

the mind of Charles, who flew on the wings of the wind, to order it to the door forthwith, that he might proceed to Richmond to subvert the plans of this defaulter in truth, who had presumed to mislead him by his specious fabrications.

To the infinite surprise of Rosabella, she found on their arrival at Richmond, that they were not expected by Lady Elstow; for it soon transpired, through the disappointment of her ladyship's companion, Miss Noyes, that had Lady Derville's arrival been delayed half an hour, they should have been gone to Egham, to see the emperor pass to Ascot Heath.

When Lady Elstow made her appearance, she received her unexpected guests with much more cordiality than Miss Noyes had done; and repeatedly declared, "she rejoiced in an arrival that had put an end to an excursion which she knew herself unequal to;" while to Rosa her welcome was kind and encouraging, and to her bosom she conveyed the first sun-beam that had cheered it for many weeks, by the welcome information, that

the Bishop and Lady Anne might soon be expected in England; and after her ladyship had gazed some moments intently at her young visitor, she turned to Lady Derville, saying:

"I no longer wonder at Lady Anne's partiality for Miss Frederick. But you seem a delicate plant, my dear. Have you any cough or pain in your side? Ah! that aspect is not what I like, or expected; since well I remember my dear Lady Anne used to mention you, as her Rose personified; whose cheeks emulated its brightest bloom, whilst your bosom contained its sweetness."

"Rosa has had excellent health through her life," replied Lady Derville; "but certainly, since our arrival in this country, I have perceived her bloom has faded so much, and her appetite and spirits have so completely flown, that I fear the air of England does not agree with the poor thing: and indeed, so strongly am I impressed with this belief, that I have serious thoughts of sending her back to Ravens-

wood without delay, under the protection of my worthy chaplain."

Our heroine turned so death-like in her aspect, whilst tears started to her eyes at this intelligence, that Lady Elstow, promptly divining her malady was mental; and anxious, through the interest conceived for one so beloved by her dearest friend, to learn from Lady Derville what it was caused by; instantly proposed that Miss Noyes should sally forth, to show the beauties of the Thames to Miss Frederick, from the terrace on the hill, to which her ladyship's villa was contiguous; and Lady Derville, equally anxious for a *tête-à-tête*, to represent the suit of Mr. Sternham as one most advantageous to her *protégée*, and to explain her motives for having its success so much at heart, acceded to this proposition, to the infinite chagrin of Miss Noyes, who felt no disposition to take any trouble for intruders, who had arrived to deprive her of her promised pleasure.

But scarcely had Miss Noyes reached the terrace with her pensive companion,

when her mental clouds were all dispersed, and joy at the fortunate intrusion filled her enraptured bosom, on the sudden bursting of the resplendent sun of all her wishes before her astonished view; for the Russian and Prussian monarchs, the Duchess of Oldenburg, Count Platoff, Marshal Blucher, &c., in a procession of eight or nine open carriages, attended by the Prince Regent's servants, arrived most unexpectedly at the Star and Garter to breakfast; after which they walked for an hour and a half upon the terrace, affording to Rosabella and her now mollified companion a full and extended view of the whole constellation of foreign wonders, whom the entire population of the metropolis and the surrounding country were running wild to all points of the compass to behold. Nor did they for one instant experience the smallest inconvenience from the absence of male protection; since the beauty and timid grace of our heroine seemed to command respect from all, and even the lowest mechanic assembled there appeared emulous

in making way for her, and yielding her every accommodation.

Nor was it the attention only of the lower class that Rosabella attracted; for that attraction extended through all ranks, even up to imperial majesty; since very promptly the emperor recognized her, and as promptly advanced to her, took her trembling hand—for the apprehension of home consequences nearly paralyzed her—and, influenced by the gallantry of foreign nations, he imprinted a kiss upon it, accompanied by a complimentary speech of well turned high eulogiums upon her beauty; and taking a rosebud from his bosom, which a lady amid the spectators had presented him with, he transferred to our heroine, "as the lovely emblem of her lovely self."

The blushing Rosa wished herself at Ravenswood, since she doubted not all this flattering, yet distressing notice, would be repeated at Lady Elstow's by Miss Noyes, who she clearly saw was elevated above every cloud of temper, by having had herself the honour of being

taken by the hand, as well as Rosabella; not only by the emperor, but His Prussian Majesty, and all those who had been attracted by the beauty of Rosa, to pay her homage, and confer upon her and her companion that distinction, that all around were anxious to obtain.

Each succeeding moment now the agitated distress of Rosabella became more painful to her, upon the increase of admiring observation she excited; until at length it induced her seriously to entreat, what she before intimated, that she wished for an immediate return to Lady Elstow's.

"Indeed I shall adopt no such unnatural measure," returned Miss Noyes sharply. "I shall not be so stupid as to meditate a retreat, as long as there remains a wonder to gaze at. And I am sure it must be the most absolute affectation in you, to talk of retreating from such enviable admiration."

"That I take upon me to deny, madam. —Affectation forms no feature in the composition of this lady," exclaimed a voice electrifying to the ear of Rosabella; as a

hand gently, but determinately, drew one of hers through an offered arm of support.

"Rosa, I will conduct you to Lady Elstow's, to my grandmother," said Charles; "for well I can conceive all this has proved too much for the retiring timidity of your unobtrusive nature, unaccustomed to homage, as you have been, from the buzzards of Ravenswood."

"Oh, Mr. Monson! how came you too so unexpectedly here?" exclaimed Rosabella, in trembling alarm at his ill-omened presence.

"I shall explain all satisfactorily to Lady Derville when I see her, which I am most anxious to do," he replied, "that I may offer my services as her escort back to town, ere I am anticipated by that defaulter in veracity, Mr. Sternham."

"Mr. Sternham!" repeated Rosa, faltering. "Why is he too coming?"

"I have not a doubt but all was arranged—ere Lady Derville and he separated this morning—for a love *tête à tête* with you on these romantic banks," he

replied; "but I shall have the pleasure of disconcerting their plans, and making them look, I should imagine, rather silly, at having degraded themselves to the stealthy ways of double dealing to deceive us. Your delectable lover is arrived, but has not yet joined his coadjutor; as I saw him alight from his conveyance from town, and as I followed him, who, I concluded, would prove my guide to Lady Elstow's, we were both propelled hither by the impetuous throng, rushing up to behold the allied sovereigns."

"Who, in the name of fascination, have you got in such close conference with you, Miss Frederick?" demanded Miss Noyes. "Pray favour me with an introduction; unless you mean to monopolize the charming fellow."

"Oh! no," said Rosabella, affecting gaiety, "there has been too much of brother and sister in our rearing to make me purpose that; so that, amiable as he is, he is perfectly at your service to captivate. Miss Noyes, Mr. Monson."

"And now, Miss Noyes," Charles ex-

claimed, " may I, even in the moment of introduction, solicit a favour from you? either to allow me immediately to attend you to Lady Elstow's, or to deprive you of your companion; who, I know, is anxious to escape from this oppressive multitude."

" To your latter request, sir, I can readily accede, replied Miss Noyes, " since here is a party I can join. Miss Frederick, I think you can scarcely miss your way, since there stand Ladies Derville and Elstow, two friendly beacons to guide you, straining their necks off in the balcony, to obtain an oblique glimpse of these unexpected wonders. Do persuade them to come boldly out and feast their eyes."

" Oh! Mr. Monson," Rosa exclaimed, the moment they commenced their retreat, " why did you come hither to augment Lady Derville's apprehensions of your having forgotten your dignity, your interest, every thing you ought to hold in remembrance?"

" Fear not, ever correct, and now imperially stamped as lovely Rosabella, but I

shall explain all, even to Lady Derville's satisfaction."

They now reached the door of Lady Elstow, who, on perceiving their approach, had rung to effect their immediate admission.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE moment they entered the drawing-room, they both perceived the cloud, portentous of a serious storm, which lowered on the brow of Lady Derville; who, however, forgot not the necessity of her grandson's introduction to Lady Elstow.

"My seeing you to-day at Richmond, Mr. Monson, is indeed a most unexpected pleasure," said Lady Elstow, "since I understood you were gone to Ascot Heath."

"Such was my firm intention, madam, when Lady Derville set out for Richmond," responded Charles. "But you have a terrible controller of free agency in this country, Lady Elstow, called legal redress; which will not permit a hot-brained Irishman to chastise cruelty and insolence with impunity; so, madam, for a wild Irish prank of that description, I was stopped short in my career to Ascot; I was compelled to the necessity of

deserting my party to compromise matters with the law harpies. However, through the kind intervention of Mr. Freecastle, our obliging *Maître d' Hôtel*, my wings were soon once more expanded; when finding I could procure a conveyance to Richmond, I availed myself of the opportunity of obtaining an introduction to the valued friend of many of my estimable connections; and further impelled to it, by my wish of being the herald of my own detention to my easily alarmed grandmother; who, I knew, would kindly allow me to occupy the third seat in the accommodatingly extensive chariot, which conveyed her hither."

Instantly Charles beheld the before anxious countenance of Lady Derville change to an expression of embarrassment, which at once proclaimed to him that it was engaged to Mr. Sternham, who at this moment was announced; and who, on unexpectedly beholding Mr. Monson there, started from astonishment, and then grew pale with rage and jealous apprehension.

"Madam," said Mr. Sternham, advanc-

ing to his patroness, as soon as his introduction to the lady of the mansion had taken place—"Madam, the moment I found my engagement in the city absolved for this day, by a note of excuse from my publisher—who, I doubt not, is gone to the races—I got into the Richmond stage, and followed your ladyship hither, as in duty bound, to protect you home; and knowing you could honour me with a place in your carriage to town."

Fortunately for Lady Derville, who found herself wholly at a loss how to reply to the warring requests made by these rival candidates for a place in her carriage, Miss Noyes at this moment bounced into the room, almost wild with the joy she experienced from having had such an excellent and protracted view of the illustrious pedestrians; and the triumph she felt at having her hand voluntarily taken by the emperor.

"The delightful condescending creatures are gone to a man," she wildly exclaimed on entering, "or not the honour of my company should you have had, I

can tell you. See! there! behold, that hand!" extending her hand theatrically—"not all the sweets of Arabia can wash off the honour done this hand:—but there is a lesser still, that is mightier far, in honour's triumph. Come, come, thou timid maid, *dis*glove!—if thou canst condescend to do that, which Imperial Majesty performed for thee not sixty minutes since! Come, produce that honoured hand! Ah! where's the imperial kiss imprinted on it? Ah! the impression's vanished;—but honour never disappears; for that was imprinted on it, with —— But hold! is that tumble-down position the station for this rose, the emblem of thy beauteous self?" and snatching the emperor's gift, which was now suspended merely by one leaf to Rosa's spencer girdle, Miss Noyes rushed round the room, presenting it to the view and scent of each individual, as she exclaimed:

"See! look! examine! scent it well! It has an imperial fragrance. This rose of roses! this flower of flowers! must be embalmed, framed, and glazed, to be hand-

ed down to posterity as Alexander the Great of Russia! the Imperial Peacemaker's gift to beauty, he deemed the most superlative upon which his royal eyes had ever feasted."

"What means all this?" demanded the dreadfully alarmed Lady Derville, painfully anticipating the intelligence she was doomed to hear.

"Nothing, madam, nothing," faltered out the distressed and blushing Rosabella, "but *badinage* of the lively Miss Noyes."

"*Badinage* truly!" exclaimed Miss Noyes. "Ods pittikins, girl! do not barter one virtue for the affectation of another. Do not fib to evince your humility; for in solemn truth, I will a tale unfold, shall interdict for life your bearing humility on your shield of pretence. You humble again! Go to! No counterfeit, I beseech you; but play the proud beauty for the next twenty years; for yours is sterling, child! The royal stamp is on it."

And now, Miss Noyes, drawing her

chair before her semicircle of auditors, recounted most minutely, yet faithfully, every mark of homage and admiration paid to her companion, from the emperor to the mechanic.

"I declare to Venus and the Graces," she continued, "the society of a beauty was an abomination to me before; for in its train I got so shockingly overlooked, and was left in every difficulty to shift for myself: but lo! this to me auspicious day, all was otherwise; since all eager to make way for this bright luminary, accommodation, that never fell to my lot before, was mine; for, like a radiant comet, her blazing refulgence reflected light upon the simple star that twinkled near her; whilst all the time she trembled and shrunk from the gazing eye, like a conscious thief as she was; fearing detection of the pillage she was making, of — hearts, not diamonds:—but, now I think of it, clubs seem your suit, Miss Frederick; since, instead of yielding a smiling welcome to this fine young man, you looked, on my conscience, as if you wished to beat him."

. "To *bait* him, she has successfully aimed," muttered Mr. Sternham, (just audible enough for his patroness to hear, by whom he was seated,) now in an enfuriated state at all Miss Noyes had recounted; since such unequivocal admiration, although conceiving Miss Noyes was an hyperbolical narrator, he doubted not would spur on the passion of Mr. Monson; and, by raising Rosa's consequence in her own estimation, diminish his chance of success.

The mind of Lady Derville was writhing with the same agonizing apprehensions, relative to the effect of Rosabella's no longer to be veiled transcendent beauty; nor were her apprehensions wholly unfounded; for that universal admiration, which Charles himself had on Richmond Hill beheld Rosa to excite, had added a powerful stimulation to his growing passion for her, in the excuse it would present to the world for his condescending to wed an unclaimed orphan; and now his pride, and his consideration for her estimation in the world, as a votary of gra-

titude, found they should experience a severe conflict in striving to enchain him in the path of prudence.

As the Ascot party was not likely to return to town until a late hour, Lady Derville accepted the invitation of Lady Elstow to dinner; and since there might as much evil arise from her grandson's passing the whole day with Rosa at Richmond, as in an extended excursion, since she could devise no project for their separation in either place, she yielded to her friend's proposition for setting out immediately by water to view Hampton Court Palace. Accordingly they all embarked on their aquatic expedition; and so much was there to delight and engage the attention of all our Ravenswood party, that they had little opportunity of indulging in the painful thoughts that disturbed their bosoms' serenity: and when, after viewing this magnificent structure, they returned to Richmond, the eccentric pleasantries of Miss Noyes suffered not the retirement of thought to its recess of sadness, apprehension, or gloomy foreboding of unpleasant

consequences, save Mr. Sternham's alone, which nothing could abstract from his own selfish projects.

At length the moment for returning to town arrived, and threw Lady Derville into the greatest perplexity; who had vainly hoped the former respect her grandson had entertained for his preceptor would have led him to take his station on the box for his accommodation; but every particle of reverence had evaporated in the conviction of his duplicity relative to that day's arrangement; and Charles would not tamely yield him that place by Rosa, which he clearly saw had been promised to him by his patroness, ere their artfully managed separation had been effected in the morning. In vain, therefore, was every inuendo thrown out by her ladyship for her chaplain's establishment in the carriage; until at length this determined contumacy on the part of Mr. Monson awakened the effervescence of Mr. Sternham's ire to such an unmanageable height, that for once, prudent in his anger, he retreated from the presence of Rosabella, lest his *mal à propos*

display of wrath should have an unfavourable effect on her, in the moment she had been taught to set a high value on her own attractions.

The moment Mr. Sternham quitted the room, Lady Derville called her grandson to her, and commenced a sentimental appeal to his kindness and consideration, not to separate an enamoured man from the mistress he was confessedly addressing; when to her high indignation, he would attach no seriousness to her appeal; but treated the subject of it with the derision an absurd jest might call for; and then turning to the lively companion of Lady Elstow, exclaimed:

"What say you, Miss Noyes?—you who witnessed a scene of homage to beauty this morning, do you conceive a certain damsel, who, upon regal authority is stamped surpassing all compeers, is likely to smile auspiciously upon the amatory suit of the sage gentleman who has just retreated?"

Miss Noyes executed a ludicrous start of amazement, as she distended her large

eyes in attestation of astonishment, and then replied:

"Quiz me not thus, most facetious! or, as I am a nymph of spirit, I will make some grand retaliation. Nay, but really this is too palpable a hoax to be gulled by."

"Lady Derville, now incensed beyond concealment at Mr. Monson, for an appeal that drew forth this inauspicious ridicule of Mr. Sternham's suit and her own favourite project, haughtily said:

"Mr. Monson, return to town how you can; but you occupy no seat in a carriage with me, sir."

The eyes and cheeks of the proud and impetuous Charles instantly evinced the indignant resentment this unexpected mandate most powerfully awakened; and bowing with stately obsequiousness his acquiescence in his grandmother's decree, he turned to Lady Elstow, and gracefully paid his parting compliments to her; then bade adieu to Miss Noyes, with a relaxing smile and flattering wish, "that they might often meet;" and, "last, not least in his

good love," approached the dismayed and agitated cause of this unfortunate disagreement, whose hand he took with affection's tender pressure, and softly said:

"Rosa, be firm; and let no influence, no incentive lead you to sacrifice yourself to falsehood and hypocrisy."

Charles then made a general bow to those he was leaving, and with a countenance so expressive of indignant resentment, with an air so indicative of determined hostility, that his alarmed grandmother more than half repented the harsh decision which sent him from her; and for an instant she wavered, whether to recall him and request Mr. Sternham to submit to his disappointment; but unfortunately—not only for Charles but for herself, in laying the foundation for many an hour of bitter affliction and deep repentance—she was so tardy in her determination, that Mr. Monson had vanished ere she had decided.

A painful presentiment of evil befalling this her favourite grandson pervaded the alarmed bosom of Lady Derville during

their short travel home; so that Rosabella was spared her persecution in aid of Mr. Sternham's suit; but the enamoured gentleman himself, unimpeded by the presence of any one he feared, resolved to make the most of this golden opportunity, to pour his love strains into the ears of the recoiling Rosabella.

Our heroine was gifted by nature with all that playfulness of genuine vivacity, which might have led her to treat this persecuting wooer with the ridicule the absurdity of his suit might warrant; but mental misery had suspended the natural gaiety of her heart; and the reverence in which she held his hallowed function, made him an object sacred from derision: but still her firmness in repelling his addresses was unsubdued by the various griefs that saddened her vivacity; and, although she never wandered from the respect his profession claimed, the spirit with which she discouraged his passion was undaunted.

Although Lady Derville could scarcely in possibility have expected the arrival

of Mr. Monson to have anticipated hers, yet she felt alarmed at his not being in Albemarle Street to receive her, and make up the disagreement their mutual irritability had occasioned; and the vexation awakened by this disappointment increased the petulance, with which she treated the sorrowing Rosa, whom she felt threefold cause of displeasure against; for now was added to her offence in repelling Mr. Sternham's suit, her being the cause of that rupture with her grandson, which she augured as an unfortunate one; and being, her ladyship feared, classed higher in beauty's rank than her idol Meliora: and of the splenetic influence of this powerfully operating jealousy our poor heroine had proof, soon after their return to town.

"Pray, Miss Frederick," her ladyship peevishly demanded, "may I take the liberty of asking, what you have done with your triumphant Rose? the emblem of your transcendent self?"

"It faded, madam, and I discarded it as worthless, hours ago," said Rosa, in a voice rendered affectingly touching by

the keen anguish her feeling heart experienced at this unkindness.

"I thought, perhaps, you had laid it in train for embalming, as your gay *new* friend, Miss Noyes, recommended,—that you might have the pleasure of tantalizing your *old* friend, Lady Meliora Monson, with the fragrant trophy of your superior charms."

"The trophy, madam, which I trust I shall ever preserve for Lady Meliora Monson, is the pure unfading attachment, embalmed by friendship and gratitude in an affectionate heart," was the faltering reply of Rosa, who with difficulty preserved her power of articulation in her conflict to vanquish a rising flow of tears.

"Bless me!" exclaimed her ladyship, with her peevish vexation increased, by finding her *protégée* would yield her no cause for real displeasure—"you are not going to treat me with a weeping scene. But, Miss, the airs and graces of a beauty will not bear their proper effect upon such a very humdrum personage as I am:—therefore let me recommend you, to re-

serve your grand display of tears until the arrival of Mr. Monson."

"Oh, madam, Lady Derville!" Rosa cried, flying to her ladyship, and throwing her entwining arms in convulsive energy about her neck, no longer able to endure unkindness, so new, so unmerited, from the being she had venerated and loved from infancy, with the duty and affection of a fondly attached child—"Oh, Lady Derville! have I so mortally offended you by not yielding to your wishes my every hope of temporal happiness, that your opinion of me can have undergone such a dire change as this?"

"Your actions, Miss Frederick," her ladyship replied, making a faint endeavour to disengage herself from Rosabella's tender grasp, "are the regulators of my opinion; and can I hold you in the same estimation, when I discover your rejection of an eligible alliance is caused by your unsanctioned and unjustifiable attachment to my grandson Charles?"

"Oh, madam!" Rosa replied, "can

no other cause be found for my rejection of Mr. Sternham, but attachment to Mr. Monson? Must that heart be necessarily pre-occupied that can withstand the suit of Mr. Sternham?"

"Child, child!" said Lady Derville, "situated as you are, it is madness,—puerile folly, to reject a certain respectable establishment, for the chimerical air fabric of puffed-up vanity."

"Why, so it might, madam, was I thrown destitute upon the merciless world, without a friend to aid me, or a power within myself to earn subsistence. But am I yet, madam, confirmed in the sad certainty of never discovering, through my birthright, a claim to an alliance equal at least to Mr. Sternham? The blessing of peace has been so recently restored to Europe, to expand the wings of free action upon the continent, that sufficient time has scarcely yet elapsed, to permit the researches of my mother for her child to prove successful; therefore, Lady Derville, may I not presume to hope, that yet I

need not be consigned to the absolute despair of believing, I am for ever to remain an insulated, unclaimed orphan?"

At this moment the antichamber door was thrown open, and the whole of our party from Ascot entered; when some tea was anxiously importuned for by all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Ah, ah! my honey Lady Derville, and my honey Rosa!" Mrs. O'Dowd exclaimed, the moment she entered. "I am as elevated as any lady present now, for I have not only seen all the wonders, but have had my hand honoured by the touch imperial: so that it is well for Captain Alermont O'Dowd, that he obtained the treasure ere its value was enhanced, or he might have dangled at the yard-arm, instead of after mighty me; since nothing below an Admiral of the Red would have been a messmate for me, I can tell him."

"Ay, my honey! but the emperor only shook hands with you once," said Lady Wilemore, simpering; and with poor Lady Meliora not at all; whilst my niece was distinguished by two most gracious shakes by the hand yesterday, and by one most emphatic one to-day."

"Emphatic indeed!" exclaimed Miss

Standard affectedly; "but I suppose it is the custom in Russia to squeeze people's hands until one is ready to squeak."

"Just, I suppose, my honey! as their bears hug," said Mrs. O'Dowd, winking archly at Lady Meliora, as she took off her glove, to display a conspicuous bruise she had received the preceding evening by incautiously hitting her hand against the bannister of the stairs—"Look what an unmerciful squeeze his majesty gave my poor hand;—oh! by the emphatic fangs of admiration, I vow I had a presentiment it would turn to black and blue incense. Come now, I challenge you to produce such a mark of strong affection as that."

"Alinda's flesh is so pure in its health, it never blackens," responded Lady Wilemore.

"Ah! my!" cried Mrs. O'Dowd, "what a discovery! O, ye powers, a heathen deity detected!—Some Madam Hebe, or Psyche, or the deuce knows which of them, hurled down from Olympus by that roast-ruling, huffy-gruffy Jove, for some naughty prank, I warrant, and you see her immortality will, like murder, out."

"Bless me! where is Mr. Monson, all this time?" exclaimed Lady Wilemore, not relishing the tone of her Bath friend's raillery. "Those lawyers have not laid hold of him, I trust?"

"I trust not," said Lady Derville, in alarm at the suggestion; "he set out from Richmond before me."

"Your leedyship need have no eppreehinsions upon thet hed," said Mr. Foxcraft: "I jist paused e few seconds below, to inquire from your leeship's *maître d'hôtel*, how meetters teermineeted; whin, I understud from him, the soliciter he tuck Mr. Monson to, gave every hope all would end in your grendson's feevur."

"I am sure I hope it may," said Lord Derville, in a tone that evinced no great share of internal tranquillity, "since it would be a d—lish thing, for his headlong prank, to have a hundred or two to pay. Money flies fast enough in this pickpocket place, without flinging it away on lawsuits."

"But, since Charles was at Richmond," said Lady Meliora, "how came it that he did not return with you and Rosa, grandmama."

"Because, my dear," replied Lady Derville, "I could not accommodate both him and Mr. Sternham."

"Mr. Sternham!" cried Lady Meliora, in amazement, "did he step from the cupola of Saint Paul's to Richmond Hill, to escort you home, grandam?—Why, every body followed you to Richmond."

"Faith, my lady, you niver said a truer word nor that same," said Terry, now in the room, handing tea round, and who had been at Richmond with Lady Derville; "for sure, all the strange foreigners followed us there, and success to them for it!"

"Then, I'll engage, Rosa, you saw them all; you are so lucky!" exclaimed Lady Meliora.

"And, I'll engage, they seen Miss Rosa," replied the exulting Terry; "and not only tuck her hand, but the emperor, long life to him! kissed it to boot, wid the glove off; and gave her a beautiful rose, as the *moral** of herself, from his own royal bosom."

* Model.

"Terry!" exclaimed Lady Derville, angrily, "I command you to desist from such presuming familiarity: it is unbecoming in your station."

"That's true for you, my lady dear, and Heaven bless you! though 'tis the first time, I am bould to say, you ever reprimanded me, or had cause," said Terry, sorrowfully, whilst the tears of shame, repentance, and grief, trembled in his eyes: "but, as all ranks in this town have fallen into the phrenzy of forgetting distinctions, by taking quear liberties wid even those that wear crowns, no wonder, my lady dear, and long life to you! that a poor ignorant servant boy would be catching the presuming infection."

"Thet is reeelly e very jist reemerk and sinsible defince of your servent boy, my Leedy Deerville," said Mr. Foxcraft, "for, upan my honor! in the Steeble Yerd ere yesterday I seen such ebsolute rebble, as I stud to see the eempeeror, cetch his Impeeriel Meejesty by the hend, thet reeelly I longed to cetch them by the throath to trow them off of him; and, in

my conteempleetion of the scene, pronounced his meejesty's refusal of a guerd of honor, the leest sinsible thing thet ever he done."

Lady Wilemore had, during that day, made observations to convince her, that Lord Derville had the highest opinion of Mr. Foxcraft's judgment; therefore, to win his favour, she considered a judicious measure to secure Lord Derville's; and obtain, for her all perfect Alinda, the chance—and she dearly loved the chance of a coronet for her nieces—of drawing this young peer from his pursuit of Miss Vandelure to certain success with her; and, perceiving how this man of judgment laboured to disguise his inveterate brogue, without attempting to reclaim his vulgar inaccuracy of language, she concluded his aim was to conceal his being an Irishman, she now, with an air of composed seriousness, inquired—"If Mr. Foxcraft had ever been in Ireland?"

"He was born there," Lord Derville replied.

"It is not possible!" she exclaimed.

"Well, really I should never have suspected that, his accent and idiom are so purely English."

"Oh! my! my honey!" said Mrs. O'Dowd, laughing, "why, I thought your ear had been tuned by the pitch-pipe of *perfection*."

"And so it has, my honey, to the very nicest discrimination; so that I am *au fait* at discovering those who are not natives, particularly your country, since I admire your dialect amazingly, and delight in hearing people talk Irish; so that I have been quite charmed these last three days."

"Why, whom did you hear *talk Irish?*" demanded Mrs. O'Dowd.

"You, my honey! for one."

"Is it me?" exclaimed the amazed Mrs. O'Dowd. "Why, that is the most complete vision of imagination I ever heard of; since, my honey! not one word of my mother tongue do I understand,—not one word did I ever utter, unless, indeed, when friends whom I love come to Loughsculamanogue, and the sentence—*ceud mille*

*falthee**, rising from my heart, escapes from my tongue."

"Well, but reeelly Leedy Wilemore's ideea is correct," said Mr. Foxcraft, "and Irish English is ebsolootely talking the Irish lenguage still; for anct I hed e compleet illustreetion: on lending from this country at Watherford, I, on ordering my dinner, desired to heeve some pees."

"'P-p-p-'s!' says the weeter, scretching his heed. '*Arah, Mucha!* may be, its pays your honor manes?'

"'Ay,' I replied, 'cannot I heeve a dish of green pees?'

"'Is it green pays? to be sure you can, the finest blue Prussian that ever your honor seen.'"

An argument now commenced upon whether the waiter's reply was, or was not, a bull, which lasted until the carriage of Lady Wilemore was announced, whose departure afforded much relief to Lady Derville, since the protracted absence of Charles filled her bosom with so much alarm, that the moment this speculator and niece were gone, her ladyship entreated

* Ten thousand welcomes.

Lord Derville and Mr. Sternham to go immediately to the place where the Richmond stages put up, to inquire if such a young gentleman had come up by one of them, or if any accident had befallen any coach upon the road.

"Dear Madam," his lordship replied, not exactly in the best possible humour for compliance with troublesome requests, having lost—although under the guidance of his friend Foxcraft—fifty guineas that day, at Ascot—"Dear madam, what mischief do you imagine can have befallen him?—Surely he is old enough to keep out of fire and water."

"I scarcely know that," replied the alarmed grandmother, "for he is a perfect child when in his froward humours; so madly impetuous when in his indignant freaks, that I feel miserable about him; since he flew from me in high displeasure, because I presumed to thwart an unreasonable wish of his."

"And so you fear he will commit *felo de se* in his indignant flight," replied Lord Derville, smiling—

"Not much apprehension of that," said

Mr. Sternham, with a bitter look of reproach at Rosa; "*he* has met with no cause to make *him* weary of life; and he will condescend to appear as soon as he thinks he has sufficiently evinced his dutiful affection towards your ladyship, by terrifying you into a bed of sickness."

"Will I go, and reelieve your leeship's epprehensions, by meeking those inquiries you neturally wish meede?" said the speculating Mr. Foxcraft, anxious to obtain the favour of Lady Derville, to insure for himself free access to her table; and, bowing to the ground, he departed, without even waiting for any form of assent.

But very shortly the active Mr. Foxcraft reappeared with information, "that Freecastle had just received a note from Mr. Monson, informing him where he, as his bail, might find him, but that he was not returning to Albemarle Street at present."

Lady Derville became as pale as death with foreboding alarm, and so did Rosa.

"Where did Freecastle say my brother is?" demanded Lord Derville, now aroused

to fraternal anxiety. "I'll go to Charles, and bring him home to you, grandam."

"Freecastle will not betreey thee seecreet," replied Mr. Foxcraft, "but I deer seey it is in thee neeighbourhud."

"Foolish fellow!" exclaimed Lord Derville, "to run into this fine expense of double lodging; however, Freecastle can let his apartments during his grand retreat."

"That I will not hear of," said Lady Derville, now sobbing in an agony of distress; "for that would seem to stamp the certainty of his never returning to me. No, no, Mr. Freecastle shall not let his apartments; but he shall inform the cruel truant, that they are ready, as I am, to receive him."

"Not, I trust, without a proper apology on his part, madam," said Mr. Sternham, reproachfully. "Such injudicious lenity would only prove encouragement to misconduct, that others, no doubt, would aptly follow."

Lord Derville, who had well compre-
ded a glance of Mr. Foxcraft's eye;

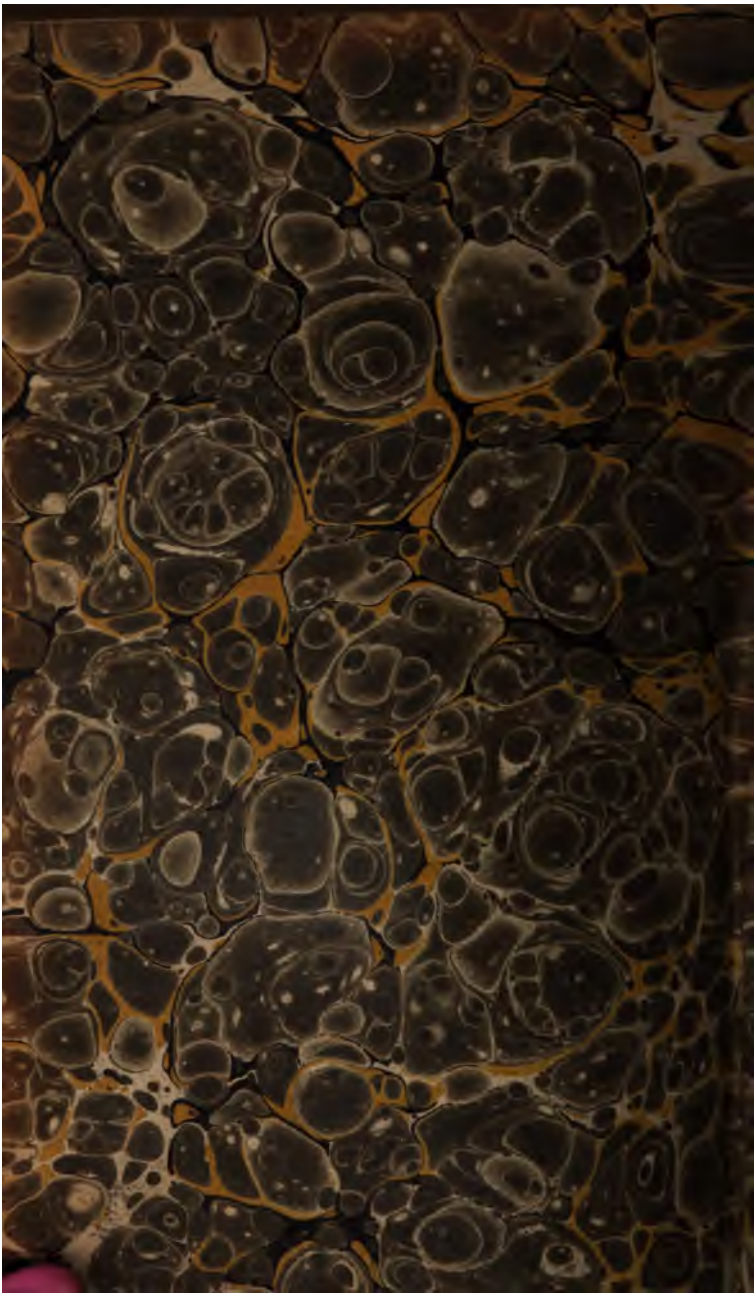
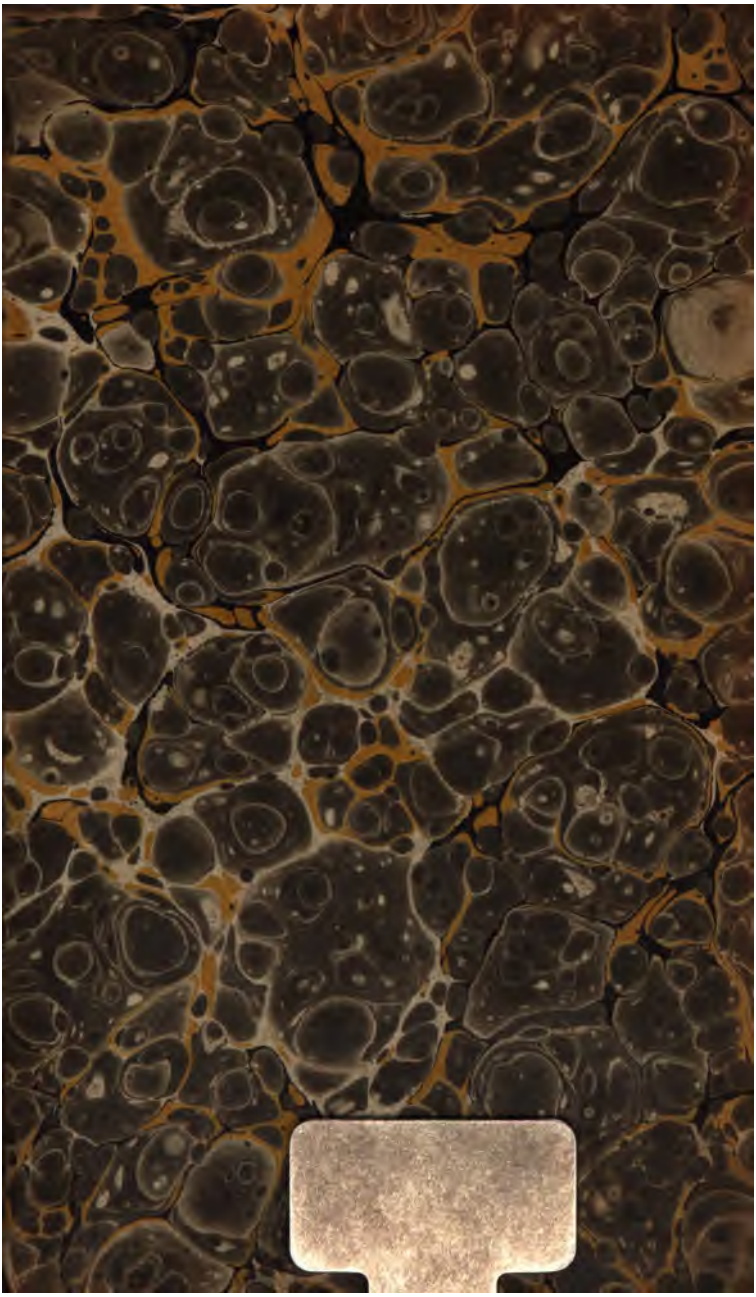
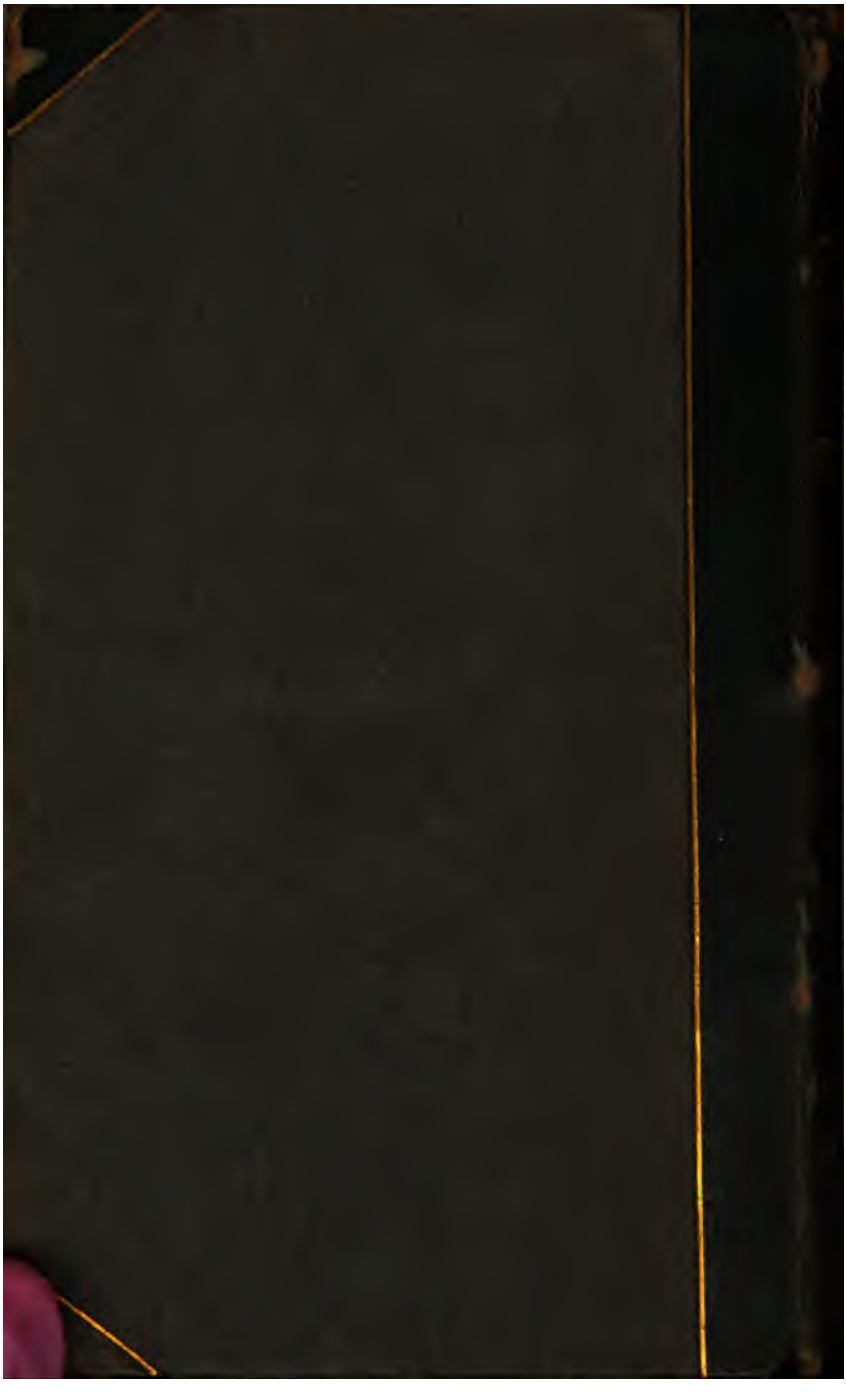
and, anxious to silence the hostile asperities of his tutor, now hastily said—

"Oh! Foxcraft, you can occupy my brother's chamber for this night at least, as your friend, who had accommodated you with his apartments in the Albany, has so unexpectedly returned to dispossess you; and I know you have been rather puzzled about procuring a lodging, from the uncommon overflow of the town."

Lady Derville could not object to this arrangement, although she disapproved it; and, notwithstanding she found the presence of this obtruded stranger irksome to her, in the present agony of her feelings, some benefit resulted from it, by suppressing much malignant animadversion from Mr. Sternham upon the conduct of Charles; and causing her to rally the firmness of her mind, to sustain her distress and alarms for the consequences of this unexpected truancy in this naturally most amiable young man, whose impetuosity and irritability were solely to be ascribed to the errors of his education; in which weak indulgence, and harsh opposition,

held alternately the reins that guided him.

At length the moment arrived in which Lady Derville gave the signal for retiring, when the affectionate Rosa's dutiful request, to be permitted—as had frequently been the case at Ravenswood—to take her repose on a sofa in her beloved protectress's chamber, lest agitation of mind might cause indisposition, met with so repulsive a negative, that, in some of the most bitter tears she ever shed, she retreated to her chamber, where the unexpected, and to her inexplicable, cold, ungracious silence of Lady Meliora was not calculated to pour the balm of consolation into the heart of wounded sensibility.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surrey.